

The

FEBRUARY 1961 2/6

# GEOGRAPHICAL

## MAGAZINE



## Greenland Looks Ahead

by KJELD RASK THERKILSEN

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

**CAR & GENERAL** INSURANCE LTD.  
CORPORATION, L

83 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1





# THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

A critical guide  
to the World's new Books

EVERY FRIDAY • SIXPENCE

From all newsagents or by post for 36s.10d. inland and abroad (U.S.A. & Canada \$6.00)  
direct from THE TIMES, Printing House Square, London, E.C.4.

# The Surf Boats of Anomabu

by DOUGLAS BOTTING

DRIVE out westwards from Accra along the new coast road and stop at noon at one of the old European slaving castles dotted all along the palm-green, spray-hazy Ghana shore. Climb up to the battlements and look out seawards, beyond the endlessly roaring surf to the grey horizon where squall clouds are piled like pumpkins.

If you have chosen the right castle and the right time of day you cannot fail to witness one of Ghana's daily spectacles—the return of the fishing fleets on the midday sea breeze, the canoes with their sails up popping one by one over the skyline and gliding to land like a flock of grubby swans.

Wait a little longer and you will see the always dramatic and sometimes dangerous end of the fishermen's day, when the sails are taken down and the boat crews paddle through the booming rollers of the surf and are shot to land like jets from an aircraft-catapult.

Most visitors to Ghana have been spectators of this daily drama. It was my fortune to be a participant during two months of one summer.

With the aim of making a television film about life in a Ghanaian fishing village, I had settled down in what had once been the Governor's apartment at the top of an English castle built in 1756 in the small township of Anomabu. From my windows I could look out over the town, the sea and the long stretch of beach where two hundred fishing canoes lay jammed together above the high water line. In the evening, down in the pot-holed streets between the traders' crazy old wooden houses, I could buy fish stew and yams, sugar bread and peppered plantain fritters from mummies sitting behind their stalls in the yellow glow of hurricane lamps; I could buy schnapps and Guinness 'for strength' in Freedom Bar adorned with Christmas decorations and an artificial fir tree; I could hear Louis Armstrong and the hip-swaying rhythms of the Ghanaian High-Life on a gramophone in the collapsing frame-house called Mexico Real, inhabited by the village beat generation; after the day's work, in the palm-wine drinking shop, I could meet the Fante fishermen of Anomabu and talk about hooks and stars and the year of the truly great catches.

Being alone and seemingly helpless among them, they accepted me as a rather unknowledgeable fishing friend, and from them I learnt much about the practices of their traditional occupation. Well-muscled, sturdy, independent-minded men, they fished much as their forefathers had done before them, lived in the same two-storeyed, thatched, swish houses along the beach, continued to revere the sacred whale and seventy-seven lesser gods and apprentice their own sons in the ways of boats and the sea. Every morning before daybreak when the weather was good they pushed out to sea, returning at noon or the following dawn, sometimes with fish and often with nothing at all. Tuesday remained, as it had always been, a sabbath day when fishing was forbidden, a day for resting, mending nets and sacrificing to the omnipresent gods.

The first time I went deep-sea with them was a memorable and revealing experience. There had been no fish for two weeks and there were squalls at sea. Only one boat crew was optimistic enough to put out, and I joined them as ballast and spare hand.

In many ways a Ghanaian surf boat resembles an aircraft. There is a strong *esprit de corps* among the crew; the skipper's word is final; and as with a plane the most critical moments are the taking off and landing. My boat was a thirty-foot hunk of hollowed teak felled in the



A. J. Thornton





uglas Botting

(Above) Ghanaian fishermen's surf boats huddle under the old English slaving castle at Anomabu. (Opposite) The men's great strength is developed by handling nets and canoes from childhood. When they are out, their wives and children gather by the shore, awaiting news of the catch

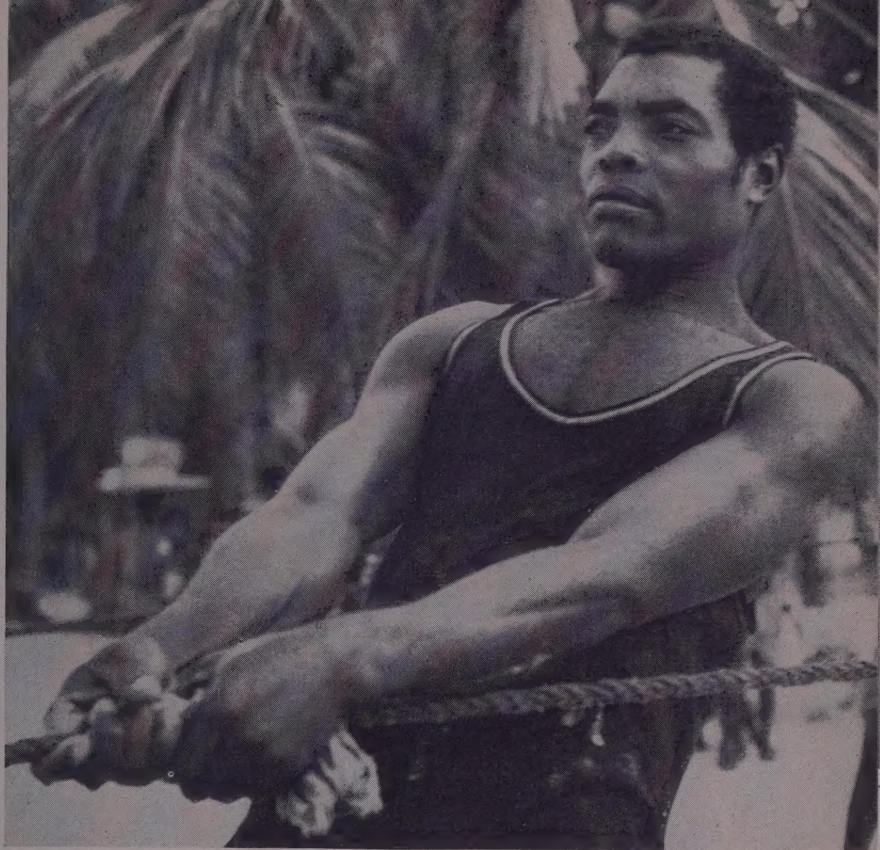
Ashanti forest inland, and it was specially streamlined to ride over the high wall of surf which would immediately capsize a vessel of any other design. Its topsides were decorated like a water gypsy's barge with a carved and painted frieze of birds, trees and snakes, and at the bow and stern it bore the name (not in my honour) of *London Boy*.

Once in the sea *London Boy* floated like a duck, and when, at a word from the helmsman standing in the stern grasping the long steering oar, the crew of twelve started paddling furiously through the surf, I was grateful for the functional efficiency of the boat's traditional design. The surf was tall and menacing, but although the canoe's bow was knocked sixty degrees up into the air, in a few seconds we were riding in the calm waters beyond. The crew raised a patched square of canvas on bamboo sprits and we sped out to sea on the early morning land breeze, out beyond the shipping lanes to where the porpoises were leaping and three green bumps were all that could be seen of Africa.

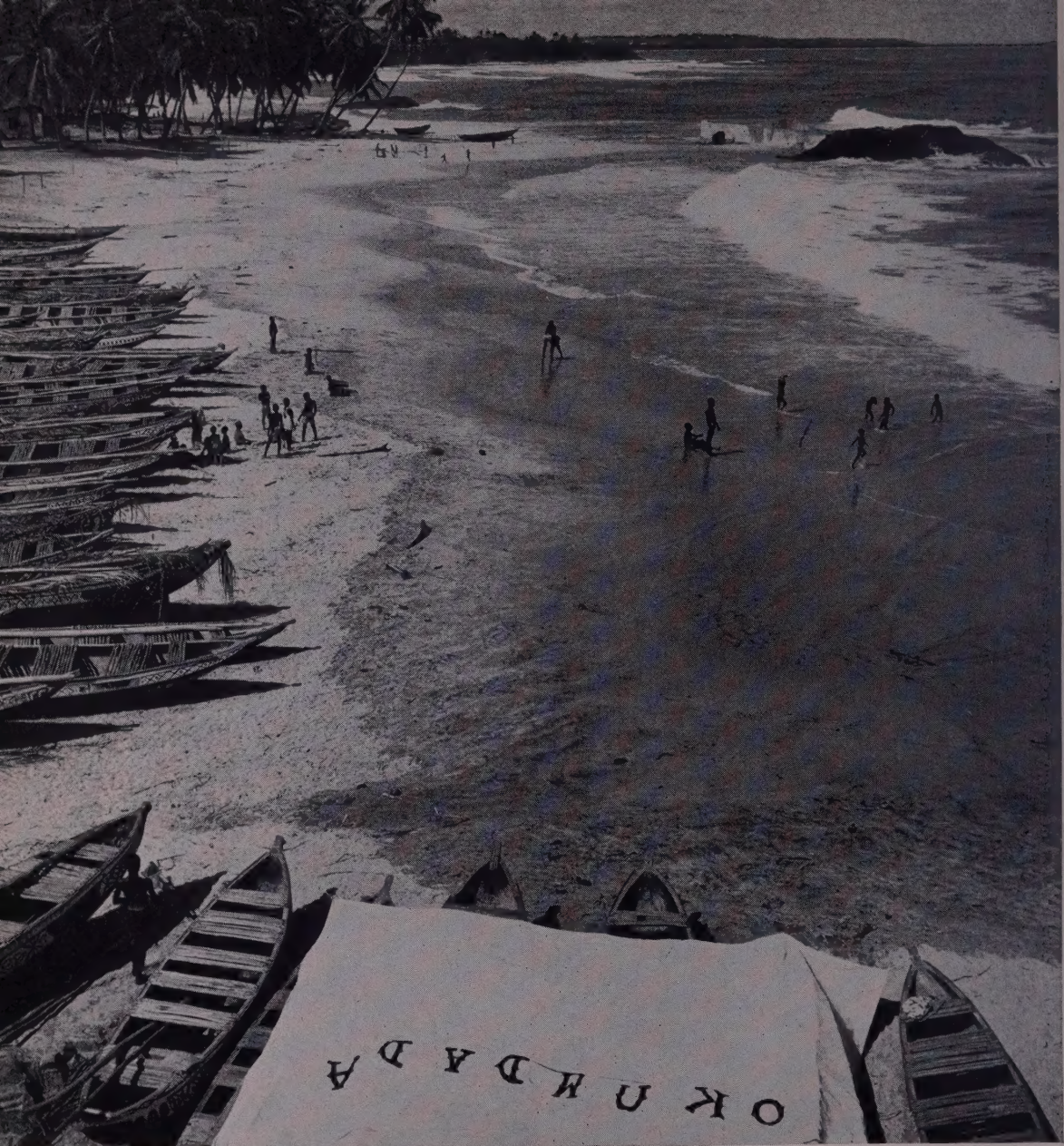
When the wind changed at noon we had to take the sail down. It is not possible to tack a surf boat, for it cannot go more than twelve points off the wind, and when the wind veers there is nothing to do but use the paddles, a backbreaking labour against wind and swell. We anchored before dusk and soon it grew cold; rain fell and afterwards a full moon came out and shone on a darkened sea. The crew paid out the 400-yard-long herring-net in a semicircle, with the free end marked by a buoy in the shape of tin cans tied to a wooden float.

We caught fish that night—not many but more than had been caught in the previous two weeks—and when we eventually made Anomabu by dawn, guided by two stars called Maancha and Abirowa, everyone was jubilant. But measured in terms of expenditure of human effort, the catch was worthless, for there were not enough fish to sell and the sum product of twenty-four hours' toil by thirteen men squashed into a hollow log with sail, masts and a great net, enduring scorching sun at noon, chill rain at

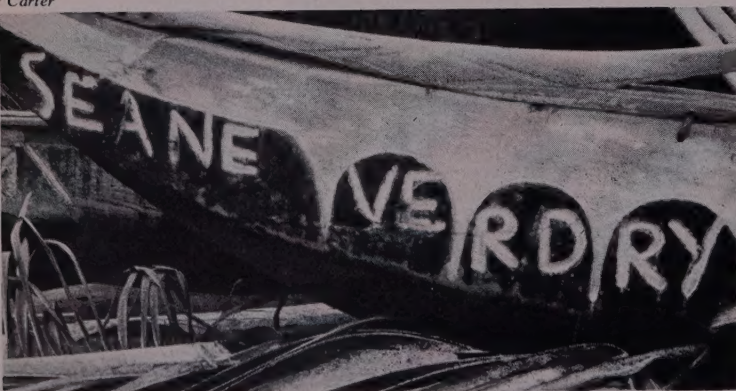








Carter



Every Ghanaian fishing village has its canoe park. The boats are made from hollowed tree trunks, and are specially streamlined to ride the high Atlantic surf. Each bears a motto such as *Sea Never Dry*, reflecting the optimism of men whose lives are spent in perilous and often unrewarding toil. Once safely through the surf, the boats sail swiftly to the fishing grounds





Pat Carter

night and a final precarious landing through the surf when one slight error on the helmsman's part would throw crew, catch and all into the boiling sea, was two square meals all round.

Herring is the main source of the Anomabu fisherman's livelihood, though he will take anything else that comes, including sardine, mackerel, tuna, bonito, barracuda, marlin and (rarely) the much-despised shark. Elsewhere along the coast men of the Ga and Ewe tribes may use lines, 'telegraph' nets and seine nets operated from rock-free beaches.

Herring can only be caught in quantity between July and September, and during the rest of the year the fisherman has a lean time. Often in the herring season there is a glut, prices may fall to under 3d. per 100 fish and catches are dumped along the beach to rot, and though in other months herring may fetch more than £2 per 100 most fishermen are condemned to poverty by the vicissitudes of their profession—when there are plenty of fish they are worth nothing, and when they are worth something they can't be caught. Usually a man will migrate to Accra in the off-season and work for six-week periods in the bum-boats ferrying cargo from ship to shore, picking up £20 to supplement his meagre annual income. The rare man who owns both a boat and a net, which will entitle him to

a larger share of any catch, may make over £150 in a year, but out of this he may have to support many relatives besides his immediate family—and since a large boat may cost up to £150 and a big net as much as £500 he will probably be in debt anyway.

Slowly the Ghana Fisheries Division is modernizing the picturesque but uneconomic fishing industry. There is plenty of good fish in Ghana waters and already an American tuna clipper has been surveying the deeper waters to ascertain the best methods of catching the large shoals of tuna found there. An American has found it worth his while to set up a tuna canning factory at Takoradi and there are now 160 motor fishing vessels with 120-horsepower diesel engines, built in Ghana's own new boatyards and operating in the teeming waters beyond the range of the puny, squall-bound, manpowered coastal canoes. The trouble is that motor vessels cannot work from open beaches and for this reason it may be a long time before the 9000 canoes like *London Boy* are broken up for firewood to smoke fish with. When powered craft do eventually take over, it may be cheaper to buy locally caught fish than frozen imported fish, but in becoming industrial wage-earners the Ghana fishermen, proud, tough and independent, may sacrifice something more than their poverty.





*Douglas Botting*

Waiting for good weather, a boat's crew passes the time with the traditional Ghanaian game of *warri-warri*

Motorization and the introduction of new techniques, however, are only part of a continual process of development in Ghanaian fisheries, for since the year the business started (astonishingly only two centuries ago) new methods and equipment have been constantly introduced. As recently as 1850 the first sails were used on the canoes, and not till 1900 were some of the present common type of nets brought into use.

When I finally left Anomabu I parted from many friends whose courage and skill I greatly admired. When I flew over the coast one dawn en route for Liberia I saw below me the fragile little fleets skimming out on the grey ocean and I felt sad because I knew how much the coming day would take out of them for how little. Lines of a poem came to mind:

We have to think of them as forever bailing,  
Setting and hauling . . .  
Not as making a trip that will be unpayable  
For a haul that will not bear examination.

Afterwards, in England, an acquaintance accosted me who had been in Ghana the previous year. 'Those fishermen,' he said, 'I saw them. They were an idle, surly lot. Spent all their time lounging about on the beach.' My friend had not been up at four in the morning to see the boats go out; he had not sat for two days and a night on the cramped thwart of a swell-tossed canoe, wielding a paddle against the tide, or seen the seine-net fishermen swimming half a mile through surf with a wing of the great net between their teeth. He had not understood the motto on their boats, 'Ghana Sea Never Dry'.



# Greenland Looks Ahead

by KJELD RASK THERKILSEN

*The Danish Government is holding an exhibition on Greenland at the Royal Geographical Society during February as part of the celebrations in connection with the tercentenary of the Anglo-Danish Alliance. To mark this occasion we publish an article by one of Denmark's leading journalists, for many years editor of the newspaper Grønlands-Posten*

WHEN you reach the shores of Greenland today your impressions will be quite different from those of the visitor of only ten years ago. The ageless mountains are the same, but the small townships in the skerries bordering the rough arctic sea have acquired a new look and feeling. A decade ago, paraffin and whale-oil lamps sent their dim light into the darkness, and only in the largest settlements did people ever hear the sound of a motor. Human activity was symbolized in those days by the kayak, the rowing-boat and the tiny wooden hut. Today, however, the sight of aeroplanes is a regular occurrence; concrete warehouses tower up beside big new harbours, and the sound of cranes, motor-cars, trucks and bulldozers is a continuous accompaniment to the bustling activity of Greenland's towns.

The rhythm of life along the coast of this large island, Greenland, has changed. Its small population has progressed in the course of a very few years to a point which it has taken people in Europe hundreds of years to attain. Are the Greenlanders happier for this? The answer is yes, but only if happiness is measured in terms of better material conditions and social progress.

Until World War II, Greenland was kept isolated. The Danish authorities tried consistently to avoid exposing the primitive inhabitants to ill-timed influences which could have caused their degeneration and ruin. During the war, however, the Greenlanders became aware of the outer world. Nature herself had, through a slow but significant change in the climate, prepared for the change in the country's old Eskimo way of life. The seals disappeared and cod took their place. This meant that the pattern of trading took a new turn, and so the Greenlanders themselves felt that they wanted different conditions.

Denmark accepted the need for a change and saw that there had to be a revaluation of Greenland society. In 1950 an immense technical, economic and administrative drive by Denmark

initiated a radical transformation of the country. But the foundation of this great transformation was, and still is, the cooperation of the Greenlanders themselves. The watchword was: help the Greenlanders to help themselves. So they have been given technical and economic aid to develop the skills by which they themselves in turn will be able to establish a sound economy within the means of the country's own resources.

The large, noisy American military bases are quite isolated, far from the inhabited parts of the country, and do not disturb the settlements, and this is also the case with the chain of fantastic structures, supporting huge radar-screens, that stretch across the vastness of the inland ice. But through its strategic position Greenland has moved nearer to the outer world.

A modern society is being created, and in many ways it is going to be similar to that of Denmark, its mother-country. The task is difficult and both the Danish administrators and the Greenlanders will need time and patience. The whole population has to be trained and taught modern ways of life and thinking, while at the same time an attempt has to be made to preserve the essential characteristics of Greenland culture.

There are practically no pure Eskimos to be found in Greenland today. The word 'Greenlander' merely denotes a man or woman whose Eskimo blood has been mixed through generations with that of Europeans. I have known the Greenlanders for fifteen years; some Danes have lived with them for forty years. Even so, no stranger really knows very much about the Greenlander's mind and his innermost thoughts. His reactions are by all appearances like those of other people, but his way of thinking is different. We have to acknowledge that in several important respects he differs from us, that he feels and thinks along different lines. For years Danish scientists have tried to understand the peculiar nature of the original Eskimo people: the





*All photographs, except two, by courtesy of the Royal Danish Embassy*





The sea is all-important to Greenland; her private and public wealth depend upon it. (*Opposite, top*) The home of a prosperous seal hunter in the north-west of Greenland. (*Opposite, bottom*) Kayaks for inshore fishing and a modern deep-sea trawler. (*Right*) Greenland prawn-fishing boats are provided with all the latest devices, including radio-telephones; their catch (*below*) is processed in bulk at such packing-plants as that at Christianshaab







**One-family houses at Christianshaab. Danish policy towards Greenland is to help the population to reach the same standard of living as the rest of Denmark by developing its own resources**

Greenlander's reactions have been investigated from psychological and sociological points of view, and from the results a thorough ethnological revaluation has been attempted. This work is the basis of the new system in Greenland, and it is being applied to the occupations, the day-to-day life, the leisure-hours and the eating habits of the population. In this way it has been found possible to smooth out the linguistic and practical difficulties which naturally beset the two peoples.

The whole mentality and outlook of the Greenlanders is changing. You feel this when you talk to them, but you come to realize how difficult the change often is, especially for the average Greenlandic who has still not grasped the meaning of all that is happening round him. The town-dweller is easily carried along by developments, but the rhythm of the hunter's life in the small settlement has still not been significantly altered by the new conditions. In a remarkable way, therefore, modern Greenland is an expression of both the Stone Age and the Atomic Age.

It is in these years that the entire social and political foundations for the future society of Greenland are being laid. The country has become an integral part of Denmark, with full equality and representation in the Danish parliament, and

its local authorities are moving towards practical and economic self-government.

The old generation of Greenlanders will never attain a full understanding of the new times in their country—and only some of the middle-aged will really come to understand. It is principally the young who are being purposefully influenced by Denmark. It is the children of today who are going to form and support the society of the future Greenland, and who will run the whole organization and administration, cultivate the fields, tend the machines, and catch the fish and sell them overseas.

For these reasons Greenland's schools have become of great importance in the country's development. In few countries of the world are school conditions so difficult, and yet there is no illiteracy—and there has been none for half a century. Greenland's entirely new educational system is based on bilingual teaching, so that the young Greenlanders can read and speak both Danish and Greenlandic with equal fluency on leaving school. All have to attend seven years of primary school, and there are opportunities for further education.

What the school does for the children's understanding, the radio does for the adults in the



country. Both the radio and the Greenland press are bilingual. Moreover, the Canadian Eskimos are so closely related linguistically that they read what is written in Greenlandic and draw considerable benefit from it.

Another concentration of effort has been directed against tuberculosis, which was threatening the whole population. Many hospitals and sanatoria have been built, and floating tuberculosis clinics have registered all cases of the disease along the entire coast. It has now been brought under control and the results have exceeded all expectations.

Social welfare has also developed on the Danish pattern in the sixteen Greenland municipalities. Old people's homes and nurseries now stand next to the schools and technical establishments.

Originally there was one law for the Danes and another for the Greenlanders. At an early stage, however, equality in this respect was established. Thorough investigations of the complicated mentality of the Greenlanders and of his concept of justice finally produced what is considered the most advanced criminal legislation in the world. Greenland has modern, humane law-courts, where criminals are given individual judgement; it is a country without prisons. But it must be admitted that the benefits of civilization have been accompanied by increased delinquency.

The technical age has arrived in Greenland. This is the overwhelming impression of any visitor to Greenland today. The mother-country has introduced the tools of the modern world and made them work. At the same time development is being guided in such a way that machinery and organization will become a support for the population instead of a nightmare.

Of course, modern trends are apparent only in the towns, and it is there that the new houses are being built, about 500 each summer. This is necessary for health reasons and in order to meet the rising demand created by the increasing birth-rate. But it is the large new factories which catch the eye of the visitor. Industries have to be developed: first and foremost the fishing industry. The Greenlanders make use of larger and larger motor-boats for their fishing. The aim is to make it possible for these traditional inshore-fishermen to go deep-sea fishing. Large factories are being built at regular intervals along the coast, the freezing plants and canneries which prepare the fish for export.

Scientists work in close cooperation with the Danish administration in order to find new ways

of utilizing the abundant riches of the sea. Cod is by far the most plentiful catch, but great numbers of catfish, halibut and salmon are also landed. The world's largest prawn grounds are found off Greenland, and millions of tins of deep-sea prawns are exported annually. Alongside the modern methods of fishing, seal hunting is still practised in the same way as it was a hundred years ago, though mostly from the small settlements in the far north.

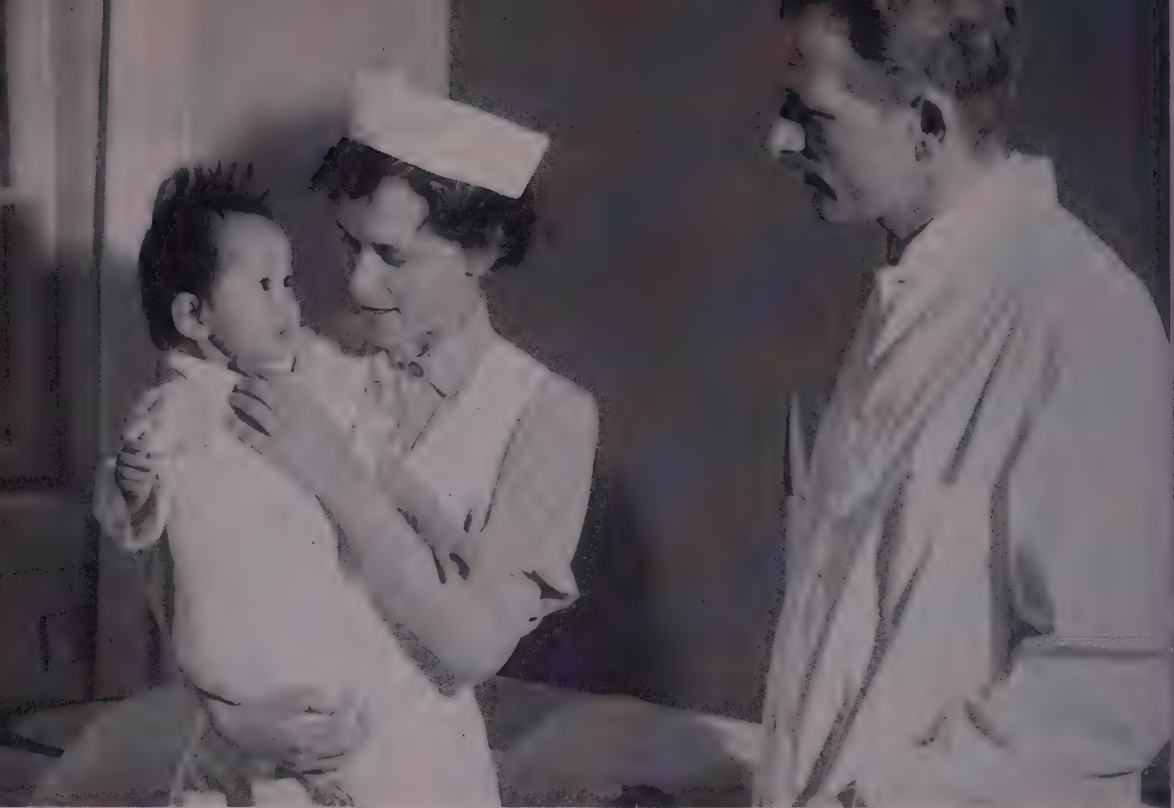
The Royal Greenland Trading Company (Den Kongelige Grønlandske Handel) buys the fish caught by the Greenlanders and arranges for the preparation and sale of the products. The other task of this state company is to provide the population of Greenland, even at the smallest and most outlying settlements, with sufficient supplies of all sorts of goods and tools. The Trading Company is also developing agriculture in South Greenland. Here you will see sheep grazing in sheltered valleys, and you will meet stout Greenland farmers in the very same fields where, a thousand years ago, the Vikings had looked after their cattle. In recent years the domestic reindeer has been introduced in order to remedy the shortage of fresh meat in Greenland.

The sea is the life of the Greenlanders: they will always have to fetch their food from the sea. Very few believe that Greenland will ever become a rich country, although the vast mountainous hinterland hides an abundance of minerals. We



A. J. Thornton





The Danish Government has assumed responsibility for Greenland's health services and education.  
(Above) Egedesminde hospital: one of fifteen with fully qualified staff and modern equipment.  
(Below) These children at a nursery school in Christianshaab are proof of the policy's success







Greenland has no income-tax, but there are taxes on such things as spirits and tobacco. The revenue from these, administered by local councils, is devoted to social welfare on the island and such amenities as libraries; so are the profits from cooperative stores like the one below







The Greenlanders can enjoy practically all the material advantages of other Danes, from motor-cycles to hairdressers—and a wire-less network which covers the entire island



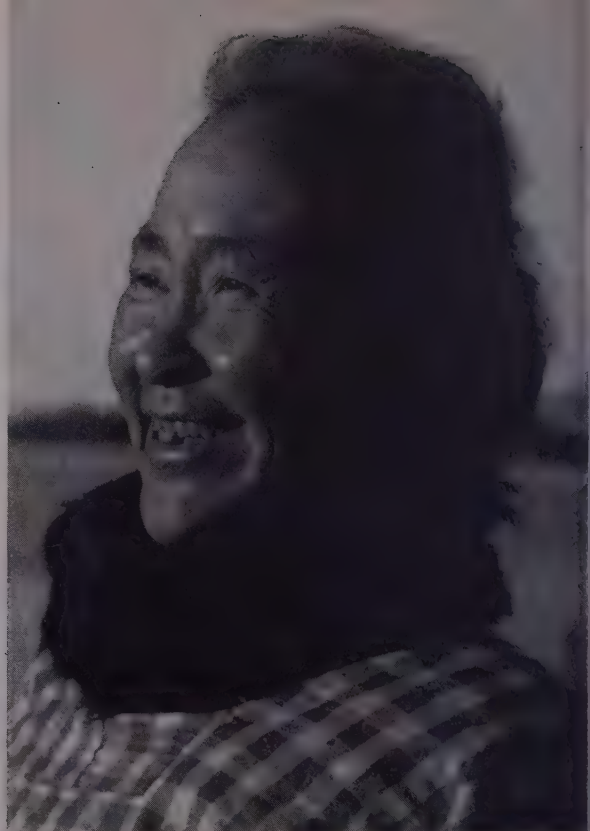




*Photo & Feature*

Farming is again becoming important to Greenland, as it was in the days of the Vikings





A young fisherman and an elderly fisherwoman. The Greenlanders, who have always looked to the sea for a living, continue to do so, using modern methods to reinforce centuries of experience

know that coal, oil, marble, gold, silver, nickel, lead and other minerals are there, but mining in the rough arctic conditions has not so far been generally profitable. Only the cryolite quarries at Ivigtut in south-western Greenland, together with the large coal fields in north-western Greenland and the lead mine at Mestersvig in the north-east, have so far yielded a profit. Geologists are working continuously and systematically in search of deposits which may be mined profitably. They are looking for molybdenum in the neighbourhood of the Mestersvig lead mine, now nearly exhausted. In other parts of Greenland they are searching for uranium and thorium for the atom industry. Hopes are high, but there is no certainty of a positive result. If something workable and worthwhile is found it is most likely to be of advantage to the Greenland economy in general, but not to the individual, since the ordinary Greenlanders will probably not be employed in this specialized mining industry.

I have asked numerous Greenlanders how they look upon the new tide of development which is

now flooding their country. Those who understand the underlying principles and appreciate the value of steady employment welcome it. Of the great majority, however, it is true to say that they are only wondering onlookers. Experience has shown, though, that Greenlanders are quick to learn, for they have practical minds.

Production is rapidly increasing. It is necessary to create work for many more hands in the years to come. Half of the Greenland population consists of children, and the birth-rate is rising. Today there are 32,000 Greenlanders; in a few years there will be 50,000. One of the problems of the future will be to employ them. But the sea is full of fish, and the number and capacity of the factories is steadily increasing.

The development of Greenland in the last ten years has proved that it is possible to live and work under the most harsh arctic conditions. But the modern Greenlanders' outlook and way of life are a far cry from those of his Eskimo ancestors. Since progress does not allow the clock to be set back, the more romantic aspects of Greenland have to disappear.



Holsteinsborg, a fishing port in south-west Greenland, was founded in 1756. It has its own fish- and shrimp-canning factory as well as a wireless and weather station and a small ship-repairing yard

Ektachrome

Gunvur, from Photo & Feature





# Voyage with a Pony and Cart

by JOHN SEYMOUR

'WHAT on earth is there to see in East Anglia?' a friend asked us, when we told him that we were intending to spend a month driving round Suffolk and Norfolk in our governess cart.

'Well—that's what we're going to find out,' we said. And in the event we found that there is a very great deal of interest and beauty in East Anglia, only you have got to travel slowly, and look closely, to see some of it. From a speeding car only mountains are impressive.

We live in East Anglia, close to a little town called Orford, which is on an estuary near the coast. Like so many of the small towns and large villages of this corner of England, Orford owes a lot of what travel brochures call its 'old world charm' to the fact that for a long time it has been on the downward path. There are very few new and ugly houses in it—because for several years it has been getting progressively smaller. Once a great seaport, sending ships to the King's Navy, it is now just a village the inhabitants of which work either on surrounding farms, or else in government defence installations.

So we drove through it, past its impressive castle (one of the best-preserved keeps in the country), past its magnificent church, which is even now far too large for its congregation and yet half of it has fallen down, and through its quiet little streets in which not very much happens. Then we set our faces inland, through the great pine forests of the Forestry Commission which in practice cut off Orford and its surrounding open land from the rest of England.



*All photographs by the author*

*All colour reproductions are from Kodachromes*

**Theberton church in Suffolk, where smugglers once hid contraband**

These forests, planted back in the 1920s on that very light and rather infertile soil, are now dark and deep, and you could imagine packs of wolves ranging through them. We were carrying our latest baby (Kate, five weeks old) in a basket in the cart, and when I looked at her, and looked into the dark depths of the forest, I remembered a Victorian painting I had once seen depicting some travellers in Russia in just such a forest—hurling a baby out to the wolves to keep them away from larger prey. I hoped it would not come to that. As for our second youngest daughter Anne—two and a half—who was also with us, if you did throw her out to the wolves I am quite sure that she would make friends with them and bring them all back to the house.

We traversed these bad lands safely enough,



however, seeing nothing fiercer than a rabbit. Crossing the River Alde we came into heavier and more fertile land, and soon reached the roaring A12 road, which was crowded with horseless carriages. Mercifully we were able to turn aside after half a mile, into the pleasant harbour of the garden of Little Glemham Rectory, for the rector and his wife were our friends. And there we spent the night, pitching our tent under a fine oak tree, and tethering Pinto, our motive power, on the lush grass.

Next day we soon turned off the A12 into one of the finest avenues in the country: a dead straight little country lane bordered by magnificent oak trees. Such oaks will only develop on good heavy soil. We had heard that this avenue had been saved during the war by the commander

of an American air formation. He had been allotted this area of land on which to build an American airbase, but had insisted on being given another area, further north, so that the oak avenue could be spared. There ought to be a monument to him.

At Great Glemham we went into the pub to eat our lunch and drink some beer. It filled up with men from the harvest fields, for farmers were taking advantage of the short spell of fine weather to get on with their combining. And certainly the harvest was a difficult one, and most of the corn was still standing about in the fields although it was the end of August. One man said: 'What I can't understand is that everyone have these combine harvesters nowadays, which cost ten thousand p'und each, and all this here

**Camping amid willow herb on Rudham Common, Norfolk. Free common land in England is rare**





(Right) In years when tractors have bogged in the sugar-beet fields the few draught horses left are at a premium. (Below) Although five miles inland, the Sail of Snape's inn sign is justified: barges used to bring barley from ships in the London docks to Snape maltings and take away malt. Now the barley used is local, and the barges have long since given way to lorries

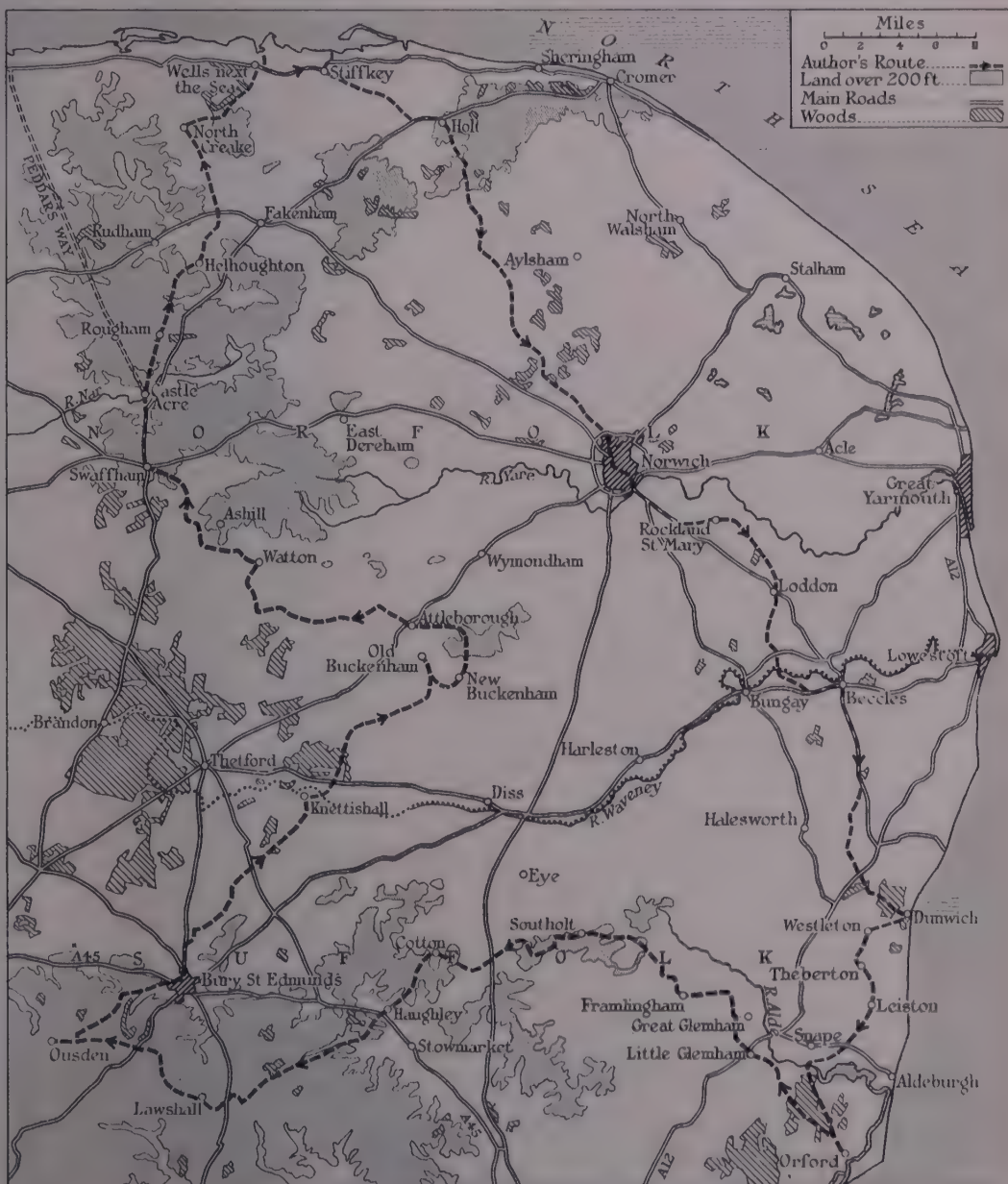


machinery, but they still can't get the harvest in in a wet season as well as we could in years gone by with nothing but horse binders. Ay—and before that scythes too—when we cut the corn with scythes we never had this trouble—not even in worse seasons.' What he omitted to say was that when they cut the corn with scythes there were very many more men on the land.

Our next stop was Framlingham: a beautiful

little town, with winding streets, old and delightful houses, a modestly pleasant square, beautiful church (full of fine and historic tombs) and a castle which is, in my eyes, one of the most impressive edifices in the British Isles. The pubs are good too.

Not knowing where we were going to camp we drew up outside a harness maker's shop; he had a sign outside his door which said: 'J. Clements,





Harness Maker and Horse Breaker.' We felt that such a man might be sympathetic to us.

A large man, obviously oldish but still very strong and active, emerged from a shed-full of harness and pieces of leather and other things suspended from the roof—reminding me of a badger emerging from its sett. He looked at Pinto, aged him, examined his feet, and pronounced him a fit and suitable pony. Then, in answer to my question: 'Where can we camp?' he said: 'In my field of course.' And he pointed out the way.

The field was out of the town, past the grammar school (which I forgot to mention among Framlingham's glories) and past the place where you get the superlative view, across the green marshy valley, of the great castle. There we spent the night, helping our host with his hay-making when he came up later, and listening to him talk about the only thing that apparently

he ever talked about: horses. He had ridden horses, broken them, made harness for them, dealt in them, doctored them, driven them, nearly all the days of his life and was still doing all these things and deriving a good living from it. Which rather goes to show that the horse is not yet quite dead.

The next morning, continuing westward, we entered what I can only call 'the moated country'. For it is full of farm-houses with great moats around them: the map is simply speckled with the word 'MOAT' in gothic lettering. The moats are said to have been dug in Saxon times as a defence against Vikings. Most of the houses—standing among mighty elm trees on their little islands—look as though they were built in the time of the first Elizabeth, but have been altered and added to since. Any one of these moated farm-steads—and there are hundreds of them in this part of Suffolk—would be worth crossing the

Camping in the grounds of the rectory at Little Glemham, which is large, solid, and early Victorian. Although big for the average modern family, it is a comfortable place to live in





Moat House, a typical farm-house in what might be called 'the moated country', for nearly every old house there is surrounded by a moat. The Saxons are said to have dug them as a defence against the Vikings. The Claytons, who live at Moat House, manage a small-holding on intensive lines. Jeffrey Clayton shows some of his pigs, kept in moveable pens and always shifting to fresh ground







**Harry Rudrum of New Buckenham cleans another pig. Like many successful countrymen he combines running a small farm with another trade: in his case butchering**

Atlantic to see. But it is a strange, untouched countryside this: one feels that no tourist has ever penetrated it. The country may look flat and uninteresting, but the smallness of the fertile fields, the abundance of great trees in the thick hedgerows, the fine farm-houses and the little scattered villages, make it a place of enchantment. We spent a night on a farm in Southolt, and another near Haughley—as it turned out it was the farm belonging to the Soil Association, and was in fact being used as an experimental station to compare the quality of food grown with natural and artificial manures.

One thing that worried us slightly was the great number of deserted and empty cottages and farm-houses. At Cotton, we camped in a green lane near a magnificent fortified dwelling-place

(in a moat of course). The farmer on whose land we were, told us that it had recently been bought by a businessman from the town; he was farming the land attached to it as an 'off hand' place, and he would let nobody live in the house because he wanted to rear pheasants round about and did not want them disturbed. The house, which was full of fine timber and some superb carved stone fireplaces, was to be gutted and turned into a grain store. Farms are being consolidated all over the country, smaller farmers getting out and the larger ones taking their land over. Fewer and fewer men are needed with the new ways of farming—ways which involve keeping very few stock, and growing only crops which can be handled by machinery. Thus the countryside, in such corners of England remote from the towns, is becoming more and more deserted.

But when we crossed the A45 we left the 'moated country' and came to a higher land, with bigger fields, fewer farms and villages, fewer trees, and with plenty of low hills. We had reached the chalk massif of low hills which stretches all the way from the Chilterns into East Anglia.

The weather deteriorated, and we reached the little village of Lawshall late in the afternoon in a storm of rain. I called at the pub, firstly to buy two large rums to warm us up, secondly to ask if there was anywhere round about where we could camp. We could see from the map that there was no common ground around.

The landlord one could see at a glance was a 'horsey' man. He had that look about him. Yes—he had been huntsman for many years for a local foxhound pack. He was delighted to see travellers come to his door in a horse cart and said that we certainly were not going to camp out in this rough weather—we were going to sleep in his spare bedroom. He did not have to say this twice, and it was certainly very comfortable and agreeable.

Next day we drove, through a teeming down-pour, to the house of a friend of ours in West Suffolk, near the village of Ousden, and there we holed up until the weather was better. Then north-east to Bury St Edmunds—a most civilized small town with an abundance of Georgian streets and buildings—then on again, still north-east, into an emptier country altogether. We were skirting the Breckland, one of the largest pine forests in England, and a wild, uninhabited sort of place. We had a bracken bed on a place called Knettishall Heath, about five miles east of Thetford, and very warm and

comfortable it was too. And on we went, north-eastwards, getting out to 'graze', as it were, whenever we came to a particularly good hedge of blackberries. Blackberries were fine during this time, and we rarely failed to get a picking of mushrooms either, or at least some kind or other of edible toadstool.

At Old Buckenham, where we had a friend, there is said to be the biggest village green in Norfolk. Certainly it is a fine place, with the cottages and farm-houses scattered all round the edge of it, so that it is a very long walk to your neighbour across the way. New Buckenham, where we went next, is by contrast compact and urbane: well planned and with a market cross in its square. Not far from it we stopped at a farm to ask if we could camp—and found the farmer in the act of killing the last of forty-two pigs. He had accomplished this with the help of one boy and his own seventeen-year-old daughter. Killed them, cleaned them, scalded and scraped them, and he sent them off to London that night in a lorry. He told us that, when other small farmers had started to find things hard after the war, he had decided not to give up but to fight back, and if farming was not enough then to try a sideline. And so he had started buying pigs and killing them for the London market. It was

incredibly hard work, but he did well out of it. He said that of course we could camp on his land, and his wife invited us to a supper which consisted of pig's liver. For once I was unable to eat all that was put on my plate.

Striking west and north, a week took us to the north Norfolk coast.

But this light land country of north Norfolk that we were travelling through was very different from our own Suffolk. The fields were enormous, and so were the farms. Great fields, often sloping or rolling, of chalky or flinty soil, growing a lot of carrots besides the usual sugar-beet and wheat and barley. And houses were few and far between. It was a very sparsely inhabited country. Occasionally a little flint-built village, like Rougham, or Helhoughton, but miles of empty country in between. A wild, windswept, exhilarating country.

Castle Acre took our fancy. It is a large village—almost a small town. Set on a hill beside the River Nar, it has the fine remains of a priory and a castle. It reminded me of an Asian village, because it was so large, and in the middle of such a vast emptiness with no villages or even cottages, and one felt that the people who lived in it, mostly farm workers, had to cycle out long distances to the fields to work. It is an ancient

**On by-roads between Watton and Swaffham. The underlying chalk around here is evident in the fine beech trees such as the copse in the background, where the Seymours had just brewed tea**





place, and must once have been important, being where the Peddar's Way, a Roman road if not an earlier one, fords the River Nar. I have seen few finer villages in England.

This sparse country is over-supplied with airfields. We turned up late one night, after having experienced the only piece of rudeness that we had on our trip (an abominably rude farm bailiff whom we approached politely enough to ask if we could camp but who got as good as he gave) and, with rain coming on, Pinto really tired, the baby getting restive, we wondered just where we were going to fetch up. Then we ran smack into an old airfield, which was still

obviously occupied although not by aircraft.

'We certainly can't camp here,' I said to Sally. 'It's all Air Ministry property.'

'Go and knock on the door of that bungalow,' she said.

I did so. A man in civilian clothes opened it, and replied, to my request, that certainly I could camp anywhere I liked.

'What about the Air Force?' I said.

'I happen to be the Commanding Officer,' he replied.

We camped on the big lawn near his bungalow, accepted his wife's invitation to have baths, and next morning watched some Thor rockets being

**Mr Huggins, whose son shod Pinto at North Creake. His forefathers have been blacksmiths for 400 years, and his father kept the forge at Burnham Thorpe, the village where Nelson was born**



Wells next the Sea, at the head of a small estuary which runs into the North Sea, is an ancient port. Many men can recall schooners and brigantines, billy-boys and barges lying at its long quay; but now, except for a small but busy whelking fleet, and an occasional motor coaster bringing a cargo of grain or cattle cake to the mills, most of its money comes from the holiday trade. The Seymours spent a night on the municipal camping site





aimed at the sky. The place was a rocket base. I felt that perhaps we had made history—that this was the first time that a party in a horse and cart had ever arrived at a rocket base.

At a place called North Creake, just when we were beginning to worry about Pinto's shoes, we drove up to a blacksmith's forge and found a family of very good farriers. I was glad to see that they were teaching the boy to shoe horses, so the art will not die out there awhile. We struck the North Sea at Wells next the Sea, and there camped on the official camping site, where the attendant in charge said to us: 'You've made a record. I've known this place thirty years, and you're the first horse and cart ever to camp here!' Wells has a fine harbour, once a good little port, and even now Dutch ships come up the creek, and there is a fleet of beamy and powerful open motor-boats which go whelking out to sea. It still flourishes as a fishing port, and as a resort has everything that any sensible man could wish.

Following the coast eastward we passed

Such inhospitable signs are uncommon in East Anglia



through enchanting flint-built villages—the texture of this flint construction, or sometimes beach pebble, in cottage, farm-house, church or great barn is delightful.

We cut down, through splendid hilly country, by way of Holt, to Norwich. This is indeed the capital of East Anglia. It has one of the best produce markets anywhere, a superb cathedral and a wealth of fine churches—you could spend a lifetime studying the place. A man I met in the Buff Coat, behind which inn we stabled our horse, told me that you could go to a different church in Norwich every week of the year and a different pub every night. I was inclined to doubt both statements, but such churches as we looked at (St Peter Mancroft's is a wonderful edifice) and such pubs as I drank in were most satisfying. Although a city as old as England, Norwich is extremely go-ahead too, and new building, demolition of slums, industrialization, are progressing well. Also, although five hours' steaming from the sea up a narrow and winding river, Norwich is a busy port.

We had a glimpse of the Broadlands at Rockland St Mary, where I had a friend who is, during the winter time, a reed cutter. He kindly allowed us to camp on his staithe, where he lands his reeds. Last year he cut 8000 bundles of reeds, and carried them ashore in his boat. They are the finest roofing material you can get. I know—my own house is thatched with them, and the thatch is still perfect after sixty years.

From Rockland, near the Yare, we cut south to Beccles, on the Waveney. This is indeed a perfect little river town, with lovely Georgian houses which have long gardens behind them running down to the river, often with boats tied up at the bottom. Pinto had the run of a huge common there, along with a lot of other horses, for the burghers of Beccles are permitted to turn horses out on it. We had a friend, with whom we stayed, who enjoyed this privilege.

Forced marches took us homeward, for the weather was threatening. We had one night hidden away in a green lane where our tent was tested by a terrific thunderstorm, with accompanying gale and downpour. We had another in the delightful grounds of A. S. Neill's famous progressive school in Leiston, where we just happened to pitch up about camping time. And the next day we were home.

Although we had driven around East Anglia before in horseless carriages, both Sally and I felt that we were seeing it for the first time. It is



(Above) On Westleton Heath, which belongs to the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.  
(Below) A corner of the fine produce market in Norwich, with the Guildhall in the background







Beccles's church tower stands apart from its church—a splendid one even by Suffolk standards

a great way to travel—even these days. By careful map-reading you can avoid main roads almost completely, and thus you really do get off the beaten track. The very difficulties that you have to surmount bring you into closer contact with the country. You *have* to meet people, constantly, to find places to camp, buy food, get water, and all the rest of it. Excepting the

one case we had nothing but kindness and friendly interest from everyone we came in contact with. They seemed pleased to see people travelling the way we were, and it was immediately easy to establish friendly relations with them.

As for East Anglia being 'dull' as people sometimes say it is: our own impression was that it is as rich in interest as any place in the world.

# A View of Tehran

by

JOHN SHEARMAN



*With colour reproductions are from Kodachromes*

*All photographs by the author*

**The Sepah Salar Mosque in Tehran, a theological school, has the finest exterior in the city**

FROM our Thursday night camp up on the flank of To-Chal we saw Tehran spread below us, a maze of lights and dark patches on the plain, framed between the walls of a gorge. Through field-glasses we could see the cars as endless streams of dipped headlights crawling along the roads towards and away from the torrid centre of town. Up here it was cold enough for a pull-over to be welcome. The rush of the stream was the dominant sound. Our campfire blazed and crackled. Across the stream a party of scouts, with lanterns and torches, tramped up the mountain in the dark, calling out to us, catching the half-familiar rhythms of our songs, for, pleasantly full of food and vodka, we gave accomplished performances of Alouette, Ten Green Bottles,

and Green Grow the Rushes before the fire burned low and we dispersed amongst the rocks and the cropping donkeys to sleep till dawn.

Below us the city winked its lights, inaudible, whilst the midnight mountain cold sneaked into our sleeping bags and the silence was only rent by the abrupt sounds of the donkeys, stamping around amongst the loose stones. Tehran, only a couple of hours' steep walk away, was an unreal pattern of lights, for we had carried our reality up the hill along with our sleeping bags, our firewood and our strangeness.

Tehran is not an easy city for the foreigner to know, however long he stays; it is a city with secret lives of its own; a city which only shows itself as hard to comprehend.





The Maidan Baharestan, the square in front of the Majlis, or Parliament. In the centre is a statue of Reza Shah the Great, father of the present Shah, Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlevi

It is not, in comparison with most of the cities of Iran, an old town. It became the capital under Agha Mohammed Khan Qajar in 1787, and is said to have had a population of about 50,000 then. There were six gates, thirty mosques, some 300 public baths, and several schools.

Naser-ed-Din Shah (1848-96) was ambitious for the capital and had much of it rebuilt. Curzon, writing in 1892 of the Tehran he visited, said:

That the city has yet much to do before it realizes the full aspirations of its royal Haussmann is evident as soon as we enter the gates. . . . At every turn we meet in juxtaposition, sometimes in audacious harmony, at others in comical contrast, the influence and features of the East and West. . . . Shops are seen with glass windows and European titles. Street lamp-posts built for gas, but accommodating dubious oil-lamps, reflect an air of questioning civilization. Avenues, bordered with footpaths and planted with trees, recall faint memories of Europe. . . . We ride along broad, straight streets that conduct into immense squares

and are fringed by the porticoes of considerable mansions. In a word, we are in a city which was born and nurtured in the East, but is beginning to clothe itself at a West-End tailor's. European Tehran has certainly become, or is becoming; but yet, if the distinction can be made intelligible, it is being Europeanized upon Asiatic lines. No one could possibly mistake it for anything but an Eastern capital. . . . Though often showy, it is something more than gilt gingerbread; and while surrendering to an influence which the most stolid cannot resist, it has not bartered away an originality of which the most modern would not wish to deprive it.

The town has undergone great changes and a vast expansion under Reza Shah the Great, who supplanted the Qajar dynasty in 1921, and under the energetic rule of his son Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlevi, the present monarch. Yet if Curzon could return today he would not change his opinion greatly. The dubious street lighting is now supplied by power houses. Where Curzon rode on a horse we ride in cars, in red double-

deck London buses, or in grey and blue Mercedes coaches. The motor vehicles overcrowd even the broadest of the avenues and occasionally fall into the open water channels (*jubes*) which run along each side of almost every street. Incidentally, the extreme width of the main avenues allows cars to perform a sweeping 180-degree 'Tehran turn' which shakes the unsuspecting visitor to the roots of his conventional soul.

These fine broad avenues are mostly called after kings or poets—Khaiaban Takht-i-Jamshid, Khaiaban Shah Reza, Khaiaban Pahlevi; Khaiabans Hafez, Ferdowsi, and Sa'adi. The Tehran Conference of 1943 produced a crop of avenues named after statesmen—Churchill, Roosevelt, and what must now be an infuriating 'Stalin Avenue' leading straight to the vast yellow-walled compound of the Soviet Embassy.

In the town one feels perpetually jostled and nudged by foreign influences. The bilingual street name-plates betray a French influence,

like those of Beirut. They have mysterious *arrondissement* numbers which seem to serve no useful purpose. But French influence is strong throughout modern Persian culture and education; French archaeologists have for long been doing important work in southern Iran; French is the second language of the majority of the educated, though English is taking over amongst the young. Furniture shops are unanimous in calling themselves 'Meubles' in both the Latin and the Persian script, though they spell it various ways—'Mobles' is the most common. A well-known street sign says 'Carpet and Apartment To Let', an order of priority which would surely have been approved by Flecker's Hassan. And, speaking of foreign influences, there is the Fu Manchu atmosphere emanated by 'Chinese Services For Hire'; how sinister, how mysterious, how Oriental it seems, till one sees that the shop is engaged in the useful trade of hiring out plates and dishes for parties and banquets.

The intensive German commercial come-back

**Tehran is expanding rapidly. A few years ago this area was barren and uninhabited; today it is in one of the busiest parts of the town, and the suburbs extend to the foothills of the Elburz**









(Opposite) Sleek cars parked beside effigies of Darius's soldiers. These carvings on Police Headquarters are copies of the originals at Persepolis. (Above) The new Senate building has photoelectrically-operated Venetian blinds, which shut themselves when the sun comes out—this in a city with inadequate water and electricity supplies. (Right) Department of Municipalities in Sepah Square. Many of the offices open off this balcony, and each has a *ferrash*, a 'smiler-in', who also runs messages for the office and makes tea



is evident everywhere, from the tall steel-and-concrete buildings which are being erected by German contractors, and from the Volkswagens and Mercedes which far outnumber any other motor vehicles, to the German *pension* which, all through the hot drought-stricken summer, advertises itself in the English-language papers as 'The Cosiest Place in Town'—this during the months when everyone is doing his best, with air-coolers, fans, light clothes and the siesta, to avoid being cosy at all costs. And last autumn the Germans staged an excellent Trade Fair which may lead to the development of many kinds of medium and heavy engineering.

The Danes have performed a great feat of civil engineering in the Iranian railway system, begun in 1927, which carves its undaunted way through mountains and deserts to unite Tehran with the Persian Gulf and with the Caspian coast. America—training the Army and the Air Force, supplying cars and washing-machines, helping with the Plan Organization, building the great Karaj Dam, perpetually (and perhaps unjustly) blamed for forcing up the rents and the prices—is here too, in a code-book of initials, ARMISH and GENMISH and MAAG and USOM, and a flurry of jeeps and station wagons. The enterprising Dutch are seen around, mainly concerned with the world-influenced and world-influencing oil industry which is the much-disputed but inescapable mainstay of Iran's modern economy. Japanese Trade Missions come and go, leaving a profusion of transistor radios in their wake; the Russians mask a profound mystery behind a radio barrage of propaganda that unites the diverse elements of Iran in dignified protest. The English seem a little diffident, reserved, retiring; perhaps they are right, for their Persian friends will reluctantly say that of all the foreigners the good Englishman comes nearest to understanding the soul of Persia.

So evident are these foreign influences in Tehran that we may even be led to question Gertrude Bell's remark, 'The East looks to itself; it knows nothing of the greater world of which you are a citizen, asks nothing of you and of your civilization.' Today in Tehran, Baghdad, Cairo and Beirut this is manifestly untrue—and yet we still feel that the words convey a more permanent truth. At least none of us can or should deny the first proposition: the East looks to itself.

The country and the old Persia are here in

Tehran, especially in the southern parts of the city. A flock of turkeys is being driven along the pavement below the plate-glass windows which display refrigerators, plastic buckets, TV sets and coy nude statuettes. The bakeries make large blankets of *nan-i-sangar* (bread baked on pebbles) in infernos of ovens. In a narrow patch of noon-day shade a fruit-vendor sleeps on his barrow, his head pillowed amongst the pomegranates. Shoe-menders and knife-grinders work on the pavements; a *mullah* hurries by; women who still wear the enveloping *chador* jostle with women in the height of fashion; male and female beggars beseech charity, sometimes sitting in dignified silence on the edge of the pavement, sometimes displaying deformities, or sick babies, or pathetic prescriptions. From time to time the town makes up its collective mind that these beggars must go—and for a short time go they do. One wonders about them. Attitudes vary from the tough—'All professionals; all got lots of land and gold really; richer than we are!' to the Welfare-Stateish—'Ample municipal provision for all of them!' But one wonders.

Sometimes, as one gets to know the city better, one feels that it is a very divided town—not only divided by the conventional sharp line between rich and poor, but divided into many inward-looking communities. There is a part of Tehran where the bookshops display Russian texts and where more Russian than Persian is talked amongst the marketing women—White Russians, these, assimilated into Persia yet retaining a distinct identity. Assyrians proudly keep their own language (whilst usually speaking three or four others); Armenians have their own churches, language and customs; the Jewish community is large and learned. Zoroastrians form a respected, though slightly mysterious, part of the body politic: they represent the old religion of Persia, before the coming of Islam, and it is said that they also represent power and wealth on a scale which is too little understood. And, mystery beyond mystery, there are the Bahai. Alternately persecuted and ignored, the members of this post-Islamic sect are yet a living force in Iran today.

And, now and again in the streets of the capital, one sees a group of proud Kurds, turbaned, dressed in the costume which is so reminiscent of a better and brighter battle-dress, striding freely amongst the traffic, reserved, bold, cynical, admirable as they survey the town and its attractions from the height and freedom of their hills—the hills that they hold always in their



The *jubes* are ditches which take irrigation and drainage along almost every street, and one falls into them with great regularity. The jube down Pahlavi Avenue, in the richer part of the town, is quite a stream and they use it for washing cars. As the jubes formerly carried the drinking-water supply, it is illegal to wash in them. This small boy, when he knew he was spotted, picked up his clothes and ran, dropping them all down the street





An outdoor stall in Tehran. If you can't or won't pay store prices you shop here. But you have to keep your eyes open and bargain ferociously

hearts. Or there are the tribesmen. If you want to start an impassioned conversation in any layer of Tehran society, you have but to let fall a remark about the tribes. You will have to have a few facts or theories—the wilder the better—to back your remark, but knowing too much about the tribes is a social solecism. A little learning will bring forth a volume of opinion; more than a little may be in bad taste.

Tehran is somewhat set apart from the rest of Iran. It is the capital, the seat of government, the market . . . and yet it draws a line round itself. Cross the line—it is but a few kilometres away—and the life of the country is going on apparently little affected by the teeming,

vociferous life of the city. In the secret mountain valleys; in the provincial cities such as Isfahan, Shiraz, Tabriz, Yezd, Kerman, Birjand, Meshed; in the part-irrigated plain to the south; along the wooded Caspian shore, and in the Turkoman steppe country; in the villages which cling to thin trickles of water from the distant hills on the edge of the terrible central salt desert—there is Persia. The capital is . . . the capital.

Some people look to it with envy. The streets are paved with gold perhaps—or at least there are many schools, many hospitals, jobs to be had, and the University. But some look away—towards the expanding industries of Isfahan, the medical and technical schools of Shiraz, the sugar factories of Torbat-i-Haideri and Birjand, the redevelopment of Khuzistan—once a fertile region, now lapsed into semi-desert though dotted with oilfields, soon to be fertile again. They are perhaps the wise ones. The capital must be the capital, but Iran is vast and full of possibilities which can be realized if there are sufficient men of consistent devotion.

Nevertheless, there is some kind of rush to the capital going on now—the scale of new building proves it. Tehran is already a big town—'as big as Paris,' they say—and it is daily expanding in all directions, especially towards the northern heights of Shemiran, a district which was, not long ago, a quiet series of villages and the refuge of the rich from the summer heat. Today, between the city and Shemiran and in the new housing estates to the east, many new buildings are burgeoning; roads appear amongst the stones and dust; bricklayers are a frieze on every skyline catching the bricks thrown up to them by their small assistants and, with a dab of plaster and a thump of the hand, building themselves upwards towards the second storey. The new

houses are often a surprising mixture of styles—a staircase from *House and Garden*, a balcony from a colour musical, a roof from *Time*, a patio from *Life*, and some colour-washes from the Festival of Britain 1951 are strung together into large odd-shaped rooms by brick, stone and *gatch*, the local lime-plaster. For the indoors-is-outdoors life of Tehran they are excellent, and almost every new house acquires its special Persian beauty—the beauty of walled garden and water-storage pool.

When a Persian makes some money, it was explained, he at once buys a plot of land because land values always go up. He builds a wall round it because the desert is outside. Inside the wall he digs a well and a water pool. Then he begins to make a garden. In his garden he can entertain his friends. Soon he will make some more money, and can begin to build his house. He may, of course, be tempted to let it to a foreigner—but he can hardly be blamed for that.

The garden is the Paradise of the Persian—a place marked out from the bare eroded plateau; a place where there can be shade from the day-long infliction of the sun; a place, above all, where there is water.

How precious a commodity it is, in this vast dry country! And once the water is available, how beautifully it is used! The Bagh-i-Fin of Kashan is, I suppose, finer than any Tehran garden, but here also the Persian genius for using water to make beauty is not denied. Each new house has its wall, its garden, its pool—some big enough to swim in, some indeed big enough to train for the Olympic Games in—some tiny, just big enough for a couple of goldfish and a sputtering fountain. And even in the middle of town there lies, five steps from the blare of horns and the grinding of bumpers, many a courtyard with its cool shaded terraces, its bright pot-plants and Persian plane tree, its pool and its fountain.



Inside Tehran's big store, Feroushgahe Ferdowsi, run by joint Persian and German interests. Prices are high, and many people come just to gaze

At the centre of the city, roughly dividing Tehran into its northern, or European, and southern, or Persian, halves is the Big Bazaar, the only place where one is safe from the menace of the motor-car. It is all Eastern bazaars rolled into one—huge, cavernous, rambling, roofed, pierced with dusty shafts of sunlight; apparently impossibly overstocked with the manufactures of a world obsessed with production and sales. Inevitably it is undergoing modernization. The brick-arched roofs of several of the narrow streets have been taken down and replaced with glass and girders; the water runnels are being filled in. Romantic foreigners regret this, as they regret the disappearance of several bits of the



picturesque in Persia, but romantic foreigners ignore the insanitary conditions which so often underlie the picturesque surface. The Bazaar—as a centre of commerce, as a political force, as an idea—remains, no matter what the rebuilders do to it. In Tehran, as in so many Middle Eastern cities, they say 'I will get it in the bazaar,' or equally, when new legislation or a change of government is in question, 'Wait till we hear what the Bazaar says about it!'

One day a Persian or an Arab Mayhew will tell us the secret of bazaar economics. How do they all make a living, these hundreds of open-fronted shops selling the same things—the streets of shoe-shops, the streets of silversmiths, of coppersmiths, of sellers of carpets and cottons? Why do they all huddle together instead of pushing out into the suburbs, where shops of any kind are few and far between? True, the distinction between wholesale and retail trade is not so clear here as it is in the West; true also that craft skills have stuck together throughout history in all parts of the world. They still do, what's more, for just near the Big Bazaar is a modern machinery bazaar. Here a whole street sells nothing but motor-car tyres; another sells tools, jacks and tyre pumps, and another is the street of motor-car bones—here the shops all sell old springs, old door panels, old back-axes, old steering wheels. Here it would be possible, in a heavy morning's shopping, to assemble a Do-It-Yourself kit and build your own second-hand car—and a fine fuss that would cause in the Department of Registration and Taxation, where weary car-owners wait amongst the ceiling-high bundles of files for their payments to be accepted and their papers signed and stamped.

This personal officialdom is one of the aspects of Middle Eastern life which all accept with protesting resignation. The official part of life can only be conducted by correspondence in a society in which most people can read and write. In a society where most people cannot read or write, or have only recently acquired these skills, it is essential for the illiterate to wait in the corridors of the literate—and not only to wait, but to visit, to explain, to talk, to discuss, to argue, to drink tea, to present in forcible audible words the case that must result in the final stamping, signing and certifying of the all-important document.

Tehran is a capital which changes season by season just as it changes street by street. It is particularly open to the weather—a slow inevitable weather bred of the vast deserts, the Caspian, the high plateau and the illimitable

Persian-blue sky. The winter is bitter, but the Persian spring comes in a day. Then the sellers of hot beetroot change their avocation; the last piles of dirty snow melt into the jube; bathroom taps run again; building operations re-start; the silvery light on the slender poplars reveals a hint of coming foliage; on the great back-drop of the Elburz the snow is suddenly marked with long patches of rock, and Demavend, the dormant volcano, the highest mountain between the Himalayas and the Andes, soars proudly, snow-capped, above the lesser hills.

The Persian New Year (*No-Rûz*) coincides with the start of spring, and on certain days of this festival it is propitious to get out of doors and into the country, amongst the bright wild-flowers that jewel the desert and the hills, to picnic close to running water.

Brief is the spring. The schools close and the chattering school-girls who are so indicative of the changes of modernity vanish from the streets. Owners of cars escape on Fridays to the cool of the mountains; the poor overcrowd the little railway that runs to the shrine of Shah Abdul Azim—a historic little railway, this, the first built in Persia, inaugurated in 1888 and still operating with locomotives of that date and of 1904, from Ateliers Tubiz.

The heat grows; beds come out on the balconies and flat roofs at sunset; the city puts on a show of doing business during the morning but only comes to real life at night. In the summer nights Tehran becomes a different, a wilder city. Some of its streets go dark and rather sinister; others glare up into activity—bright flares supplement the electricity; barrows of goods throng the pavements and invade the road; pedestrians, shoving sauntering gesticulating laughing and arguing, finally bring motor traffic to a complete halt on Lower Lalezar and take over the street. Here it is—the jostling bargaining heart of the city, stimulated by the comparative cool of the summer night.

It was on one of the last days of summer that we had our Thursday night camp on To-Chal. Soon the leaves would turn to the blaze of autumn, the schools and the University would re-open in an anxiety of entrance examinations, and rich and poor alike would settle down to another winter.

Waking after the mountain night we saw Tehran below us, an island of buildings and crowded humanity in the sparsely peopled land of Iran. And the dawn was coming, and we had a mountain to climb.

# The Little Republic of El Salvador

by RUSS ROSENE



Kodachrome

Russ Rosene

Gay locomotives of the British-owned Salvador Railway. One of two railways of El Salvador, both of them narrow gauge, it unites the port of Acajutla with the western third of the republic

PERHAPS the best way to appreciate the interest and beauty of Central America's smallest republic is to stay there for a few weeks with one's own car for transport. This we did, in the course of a three-month motor trip down the Inter-American Highway to Costa Rica from a starting-point on the California coast. We went as a family, with six-year-old daughter and four-year-old son. Our mission was to gather information and photographs with which to prepare educational film-strips for the public schools of Los Angeles.

The prevalence of ox carts on the paved highway impressed us nearly as much as the paving itself, when we came to it from Guatemala.

Our son Chris, observing suddenly that the ox carts bore licence plates, and that like our own plates they were yellow, came to an obvious though unsophisticated conclusion. 'They must have come all the way from California,' he declared solemnly.

With nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants spread over an area of just over 13,000 square miles, El Salvador's population density is nearly double that of Ireland, and is the greatest of any Central American republic. Contrary to the usual Latin American pattern, this population is not concentrated in a few localities, or in cities, but is distributed throughout the land. A very rural, well-used appearance is the result: here a cornfield,





Reichman

Kodachrome

On the 'Day of the Cross', Salvadoreños traditionally decorate their homes and doorways with flowers and palm fronds, to observe a special religious holiday following Easter. Even the humblest *ranchitos*, rural cottages built entirely of thatch, take on a festive appearance, as tropical blossoms can be picked everywhere

Lake Coatepeque, 'Eye of the Sea', fills a crater lying between Izalco Volcano and the Inter-American Highway at El Congo. Local inhabitants find the clear fresh water useful on washing day as well as for fishing. City-dwellers from the capital enjoy boating, swimming and relaxing at the resorts on the north side of the lake

tachrome

Russ Rosene







s Rosene

Kodachron

Women making dried maize into *tortillas*, which are the mainstay of the country diet. First the maize is ground on the stone *metate*, then shaped by hand into flat *tortillas* for cooking

there a sugar plantation, and on the hillside a coffee *finca*, or ranch—the whole interspersed with neat homes of thatch which are locally called *ranchitos*, often situated in clumps of banana or bamboo or palms. There might be an ox-team in the canefield, or drawing a plough, and seldom is a vista complete without men and women, boys and girls, going about their daily affairs. In dress they resemble working people of any western nation, enjoying summer weather.

When it isn't summer in tropical El Salvador, it's the rainy season—May to October. Salvadoreños refer to this as their 'winter', but it really occurs in the summer months, as El Salvador lies some fourteen degrees north of the

Equator, and nowhere in the republic do temperatures fall below 50° Fahrenheit or rise above 98°.

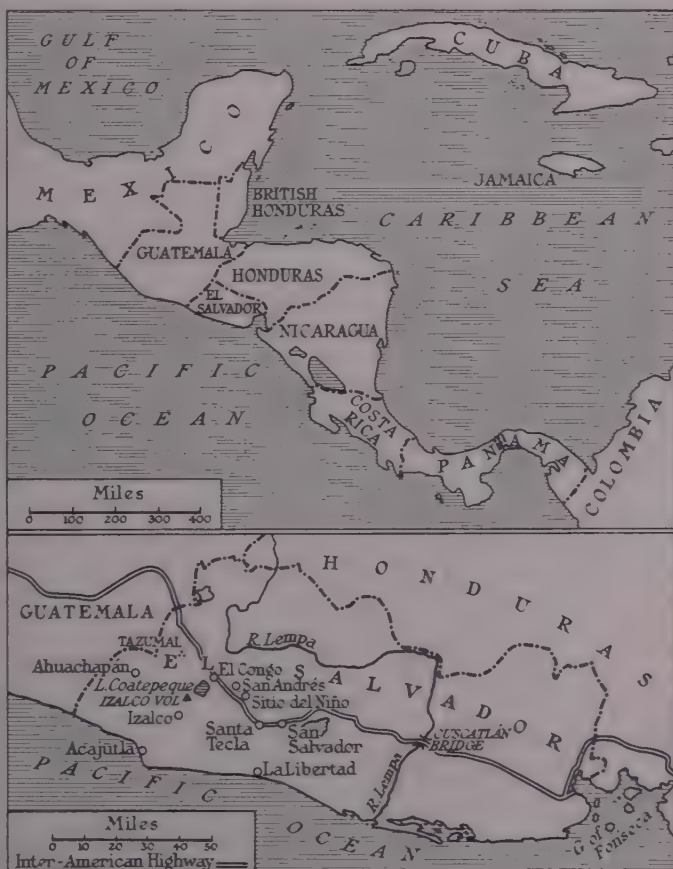
Only the few unassimilated Indians dress in distinctive fashion and retain old indigenous customs and traditions. They number less than 6 per cent of the population, while pure white stock accounts for only 2 per cent. The remainder are a mixture, known as *mestizos*. One Sunday afternoon during a drive from Lake Coatepeque to Sitio del Niño, where we were staying with some Americans who had come to work on a Rural Colonization Project, we encountered off the Inter-American Highway a group of Izalco Indians in their native dress. They were men, on

foot, and each carried an astonishing burden of pottery which I should estimate approached their own weight. They were going eastward, at a fast trot, toward Santa Tecla. After breakfast next morning we drove from Sitio del Niño to the capital, and on the winding ascent into Santa Tecla we again passed our Indians, still burdened and still atrot, but thirty miles nearer their destination. Had they slept in the meantime, we wondered, or had anything to eat? If nothing else, it was a remarkable show of physical stamina and perseverance.

Apart from its coffee—which accounts for about 90 per cent of all exports, and subjects it to the hazards of a one-crop economy—El Salvador's chief claim upon the attention of the world has been until very recently its uneasy custody of Izalco Volcano. The mountain has a curious history. As a modern part of the 'ring of fire' which encircles the vast Pacific, Izalco sprang to life on February 23, 1770, with a large lava flow and the beginnings of pyrotechnic activity which vulcanologists describe as Strombolian: that means explosive eruptions of a periodic nature from the crater, which emits an eruptive column of steam, ash and 'bombs'. This has persisted up to the present in an on-again, off-again fashion, with some lengthy periods of relative calm that lasted several years, and other periods of extraordinary ferocity that were accompanied by earthquakes and nearly continuous activity. With its proximity to the sea, and its normal eruptive cycle averaging about fifteen minutes, it was inevitable that Izalco should become a landmark to mariners navigating the coastal trade routes, and acquire the nickname 'Lighthouse of the Pacific'. Ironically, just as the government's Junta Nacional de Turismo completed construction in 1958 of a tourist hotel on top of Cerro Verde, commanding an unparalleled view into Izalco's summit crater at disturbingly close range, the volcano went into one of its slumber periods. Not dead, just sleeping, say the Salvadoreños.

We who have trembled in our sleeping-bags on Cerro Verde, awe-struck at the fiery nearness of Izalco in eruption, and overwhelmed by its cannonading blasts that dwindle off into the chug-chug-chug of some fantastic uncontrolled steam engine, know well the Olympian delights that await future hotel-guests there.

The government's farsightedness in developing such recreational areas as Cerro Verde and Atecosol, a swimming resort south of the volcano which uses an abundance of cold crystal-clear spring water, is typical of the nation which was first in Central America to adopt an independent constitution (1824). Suffrage is extended to both male and female from the age of eighteen upwards, public health services are extensively developed, many social welfare schemes have been embarked upon—including the Rural Colonization Project with which our friends were associated—as well as numerous public works aimed at a higher standard of living and national betterment. There exists a particular esteem for



A. J. Thornton







Russ Rosene

(Above) Cuscatlán Bridge, the longest in Central America (1350 feet), spans the Río Lempa. (Opposite) Izalco Volcano at one time erupted so constantly that it was called the 'Lighthouse of the Pacific', but now it is temporarily inactive—a source of disappointment to tourists

literacy and education which should produce notable results as time goes on. The constitution specifically provides for El Salvador's participation in any future federation of Central American states, should that historical event ever repeat itself. In the years following the wholesale revolt of 1821 from Spanish rule on the part of Mexico and the oppressed colonies lying to the south, such a federation did exist. It was an uneasy one, rife with jealousies and inequities, and it soon collapsed.

From a traveller's standpoint, the special appeal of El Salvador lies partly in its very smallness. The country measures only 160 miles from east to west, and scarcely 60 from north to

south, from the pine-clad mountains of the Honduras frontier to the Pacific. It is well laced with roads, the principal arteries being the all-paved Inter-American Highway and the new coastal highway which runs parallel to it. For this reason a car is desirable; in just a few hours one can reach any corner of the country. Everything seems easily accessible, whether it be steam vents and fumaroles at Ahuachapán, Mayan ruins at Tazumal and San Andrés, ocean beaches at Acajutla and La Libertad, the approachable volcanoes Izalco and San Salvador, the theatres and cafés and night-life of the capital itself, or perhaps the storied sunsets across the Gulf of Fonseca.



# Not All Texans are Millionaires

by LORD BOSSOM OF MAIDSTONE



By courtesy of the U.S.I.S.

**Lord Bossom, widely travelled, has included in his wanderings every part of America from Ticonderoga, New York, to Magic Valley, Texas. Texas holds a dominant position in his reminiscences. For Dallas he designed what was then the tallest skyscraper south of Washington, and the Governor made him an Honorary Citizen of the 'Lone Star' State. He is one of the Founders, and the President, of the Anglo-Texan Society (and has recently been made Admiral of the Texas Navy!)**

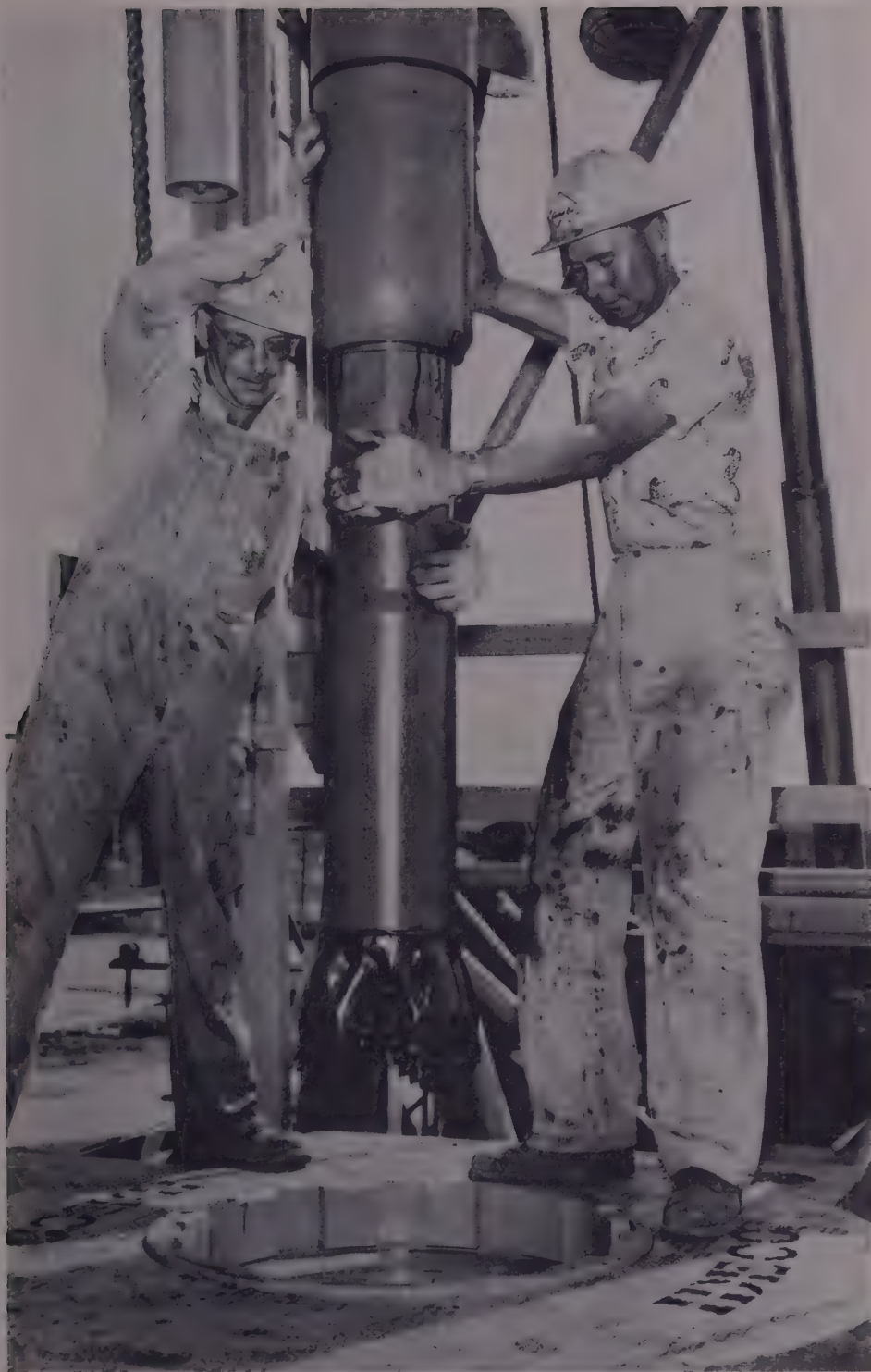
As Texas has such a reputation for immense wealth, it is desirable to say at once that not all Texans are millionaires, though nearly all are characters; nor, as so often is imagined, does every Texan want to 'blow in' his money, raise hell and fight.

Each of the great United States has individuality, but on all counts the 'Lone Star' State has the most personality and is the State of the exceptional.

The character of Texas comes out remarkably well in an incident of the late nineties, when leading Standard Oil men had decided they would go by boat from Memphis to the New Orleans Mardi Gras. Among them was Samuel G. Bayne, sometime President of the Seaboard National Bank of New York (incidentally, my father-in-law), and his wife, who found their cabin too cold and decided to do the rest of the journey across country by train. They left the steamer at St Louis, and were told when they reached Dallas that they had to change trains and that there would be a four-hour wait. Wandering around, this dynamic Irish-American, sensing the individuality of the town, declared to his wife that there was no reason for it except the personality of its townsmen, adding 'I'll start a bank here'. There and then he went along main street (in those days almost a dirt road) and selected eight shops with the best dressed windows. In each case he asked the owners whether, if he himself provided capital, guaranteed them against loss and sent down a cashier

(Left) Cattlemen

(Right) Oilmen



*By courtesy of the Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)*



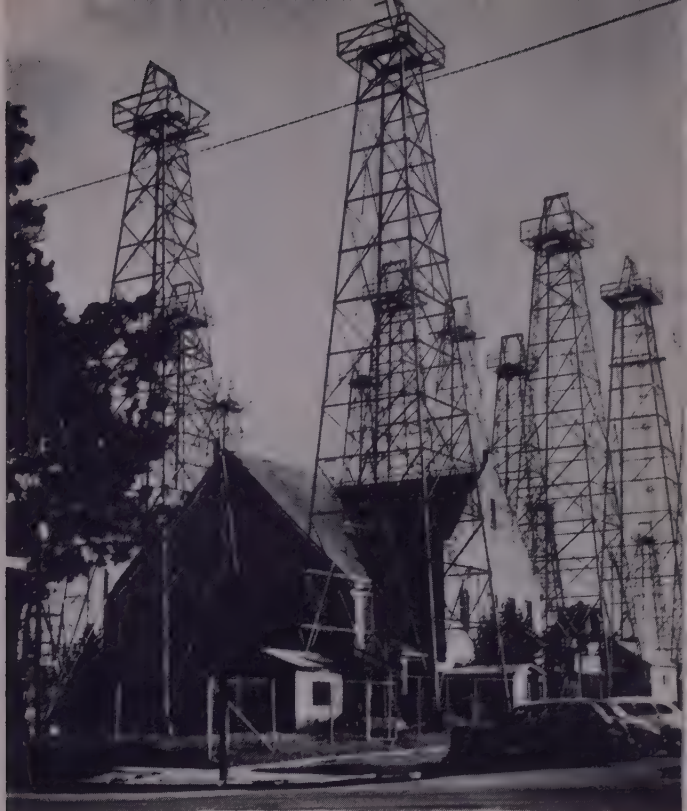


*Aerofilms*

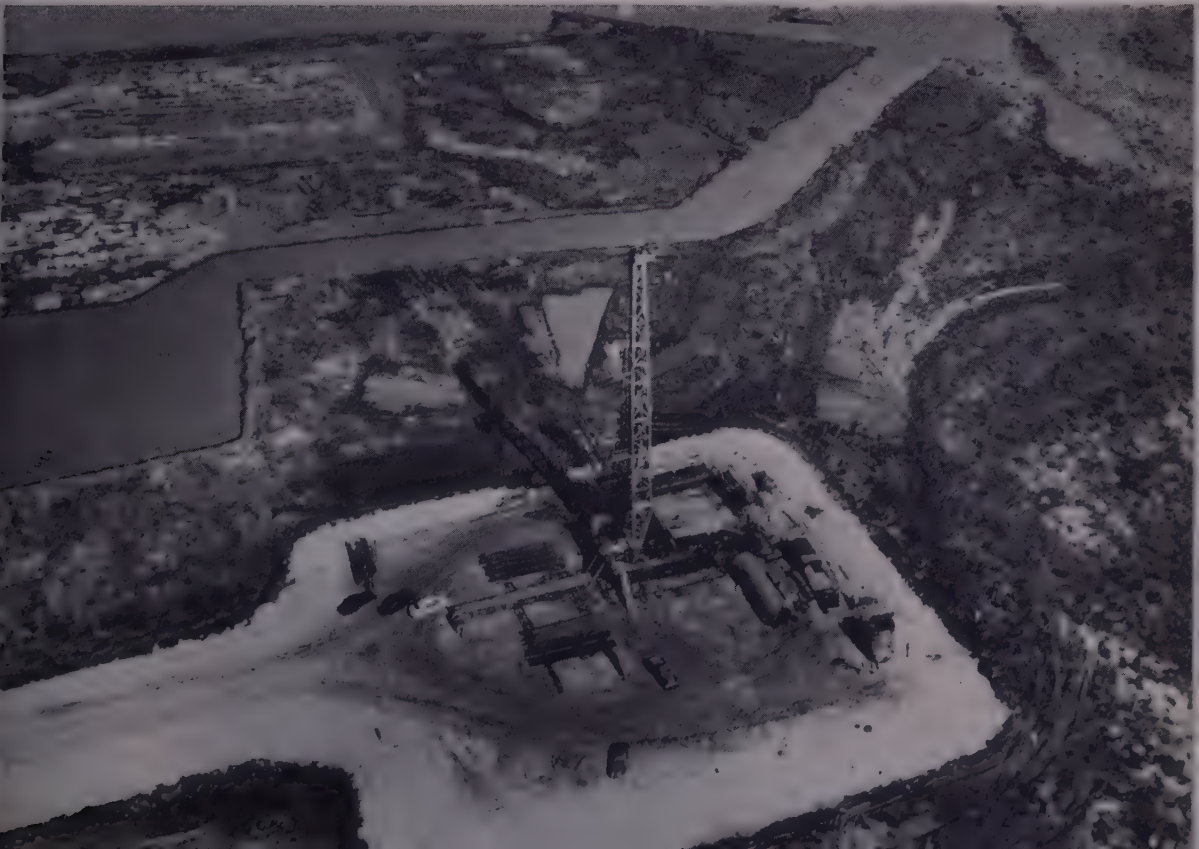


Everything in Texas is big: the Stetson hats of the cattlemen (like the ones on the previous page); the ranches of the cattlemen (one of them is ten times the size of Rutland, smallest county in England); the herds of cattle (above). . . . Well, almost everything, except perhaps (left) the Post Office at Hot Springs

Oil is what has made the myth of the modern State of Texas. It springs up everywhere. (Right) In Kilgore in the thirties they struck it in the churchyard when they had just about completed the parish church: a dream come true for the congregation, who built a bigger church elsewhere. Not far from Denison (below) in northern Texas, where President Eisenhower was born, they struck it in the middle of a lake and dozens of these drilling-rigs suddenly sprouted all over its surface



*Both photographs by courtesy of the Shell Petroleum Co., Ltd*







Dallas is the second largest city in Texas, with a population that seems to double every ten years. The Magnolia Petroleum Building designed by Lord Bosson is the tall one in the centre

to run the bank, they would be directors. All accepted, though before he caught his train one or two changed their minds and he immediately picked alternatives by the same method. This bank, started in four hours between trains, ultimately became the American Exchange National, one of the largest in the south-west. Could such a thing have been done anywhere else?

Years later, quite independently, I was commissioned to design a new building for this bank. Edward Reardon, the original cashier sent from Pennsylvania, had by then become President; he had also become Texan to the core and was known by all as 'Fardy'. Fardy had an impish but delightful sense of humour, and one hot summer's day, clad in white flannels with a belt round his extensive middle, he went to one of the cages and asked for fifty silver dollars. Putting half in each trouser pocket he strolled casually to the central lobby, and when an attractive young lady came in he called her over and said, 'Now then, Mary, put me through my exercises.' Obviously Mary knew what he had in mind and entered into the spirit of the thing. 'Attention Fardy, stomach in, chest out,' she ordered. The result of course was that the weight

of the dollars caused his flannels to drop to the ground, leaving the President of the Bank standing in his little blue underpants.

These two stories, though not entirely typical of those far-off days in Texas, do, I believe, illustrate first the freedom there was for a man to use his ability, and secondly the unsophisticated fun they had.

In the twenties the laws of Texas were rather curious. Legally, gambling was not permitted, but many a Saturday afternoon I would go back from the bank with Reardon and about a dozen others to his home where we would play poker sometimes right through until Monday morning, throwing ourselves down on a bed when we were tired and then starting again. On these occasions the President always took good care to invite the local Chief of Police and the Town Magistrate so that there was no risk of arrest or conviction.

Today things are very different and the State Government functions through three branches which work together to foster the prosperity indigenous to Texas. These are the Executive, headed by the Governor; the Legislature, composed of the Senate of 31 members presided over by the Lieutenant Governor, and the House of Representatives of 150 members led by the

Speaker; and the Judiciary. The Governor, Price Daniels, possibly one of the most popular men in the State, is regularly re-elected irrespective of politics, and more than earns his annual salary of \$25,000. The salary of legislators is \$25 a day when the Legislature is in regular session (not to exceed 120 days) and also when in special session (not to exceed 30 days). Justices of Supreme Court and Judges of Court of Criminal Appeals get \$20,000, and the heads of other departments an amount varying from about \$6000 to \$18,000 a year.

There are also three important agencies supervised by joint legislative committees: the State Auditor, who audits the State's agencies; the Legislative Budget Board, which reviews activities of the agencies and recommends appropriations; and the Legislative Council, which performs research work as requested by the Legislature.

Modern Texas prides itself on its law-abiding

qualities, and it is difficult to credit a bit of history recorded from a day long past, that on fifty-two successive nights a different woman killed a man, but not one of them was ever brought to trial as it was not considered chivalrous.

A stock slogan of Texas is 'I'll try anything once and if I like it I'll try it again', and although the State goes back as far as the period 1685-1783 when France was in control, these early enthusiasms are still maintained. Some of its personalities made history, among them the men who took part in the Alamo, a fight-to-the-end event; Geronimo the Red Indian; and Colonel E. H. T. Green, the son of the famous Hetty Green, alleged to be the richest woman of her day. Colonel Green, born at the Langham Hotel in London, was a curious chap and what we would term 'a bit of a lad'. From birth he was troubled by one of his legs, for his mother,

Austin, on the Texas Colorado, has been the capital since the days when Texas was a republic.  
(Below) The University of Texas is only one of half a dozen seats of learning in the city

Paul Popper





through parsimony, felt it unnecessary to get a doctor when he was very young, with the result that the poor little fellow lost the leg. She bought him 'two strings of rust', the Texas Midland Railway, of only about seventy miles—the price, I understand, being its assumed debts. Under Green's presidency this gradually became the most remunerative railway per mile in the world, and its annual general meeting, which was held in one of the railway carriages, was conducted in a way that was probably unique: beside each place was a small still and we each distilled our own whisky on the spot. I must admit this left our mouths in strange condition, but it was all part of Texas.

This railroad system today has 15,248.65 miles of main lines, carrying 3,770,545 passengers and 163,448,004 tons of freight. Members of the Railroad Commission are elected; each of the three members serves a six-year term, one member being elected at each biennial election.

Apart from possessing a vast supply of oil, our

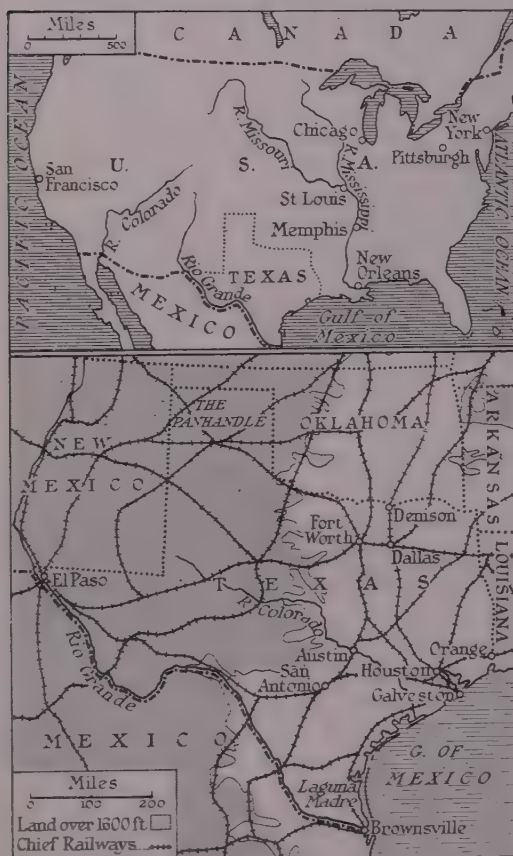
present-day Texas ranks high among the States in the production of cotton, grain sorghums, pecans, beef cattle, sheep, goats, wool and poultry (particularly turkeys), and in 1956 the cash income from Texas farms amounted to \$1,717,162,000. These facts bring to my mind earlier times when the aromatic life of the famous 'Onion Queen's' land penetrated the warm air ten miles beyond its perimeter and greeted a visitor within twenty miles of the Rio Grande.

The largest ranch of the State, one probably without parallel in the world, is the King Ranch, founded in 1852 by old Captain Richard King from New York; it has about a million acres and many miles of coast-line along Laguna Madre, to say nothing of numerous oil wells.

The day of the wagon is over and the mode of getting about frequently includes the man who has his own plane for transport to his multitudinous interests and activities. One remembers that in the twenties the essential selling-point of a motor car was the strength of its frame—if there was a collision one could crash the other fellow, and this often happened; now, since the war, only the best in every way is good enough for Texan motorists. They have, by the way, a rather endearing habit of always tooting their car horns as a way of greeting if they meet outside Texas.

In old Fardy Reardon's day, houses were comfortable and simple wooden porch-clad suburban homes. Today, though not big in the old sense, they are as expensively built, superbly equipped and fantastically decorated as any to be found in the Old or New World.

Among the cities of Texas, Austin one feels is sensitive to its position as capital of the State and has not changed as much as some other places. The main street of Dallas has probably seen the biggest changes. Whereas Houston (though perhaps more active and enterprising, if that be possible) still seems to carry the bones of its old form, and Fort Worth too, Dallas has lost the lot. There they have a rubber moving-platform from the airport into convenient parts of the aerodrome hundreds of yards away; then, following Houston, they built a suspended monorail. At one corner of Dallas's main street is a branch of Neiman-Marcus, probably the most famous ladies' shop in the whole of the United States and known the travelling world over. Dallas is a leading banking town; tall buildings are its trade mark and it has the



A. J. Thornton





*By courtesy of the U.S.I.S.*

**(Above)** The Rio Grande. According to P. G. Wodehouse it is liable to be confused by rich Texans with their swimming-pools, but the pools do not dry out. It divides Texas from Mexico.  
**(Below)** First, Fort Worth was a military camp, then a cow town. Now it is a flourishing city

*Paul Popper*





appearance of a sort of New York, Jr. When the Magnolia Petroleum Building (the Texas headquarters of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey) was built there, it was claimed to be the tallest in the world south of Washington, though this was but an incitement to be beaten—as of course it was in the years that followed.

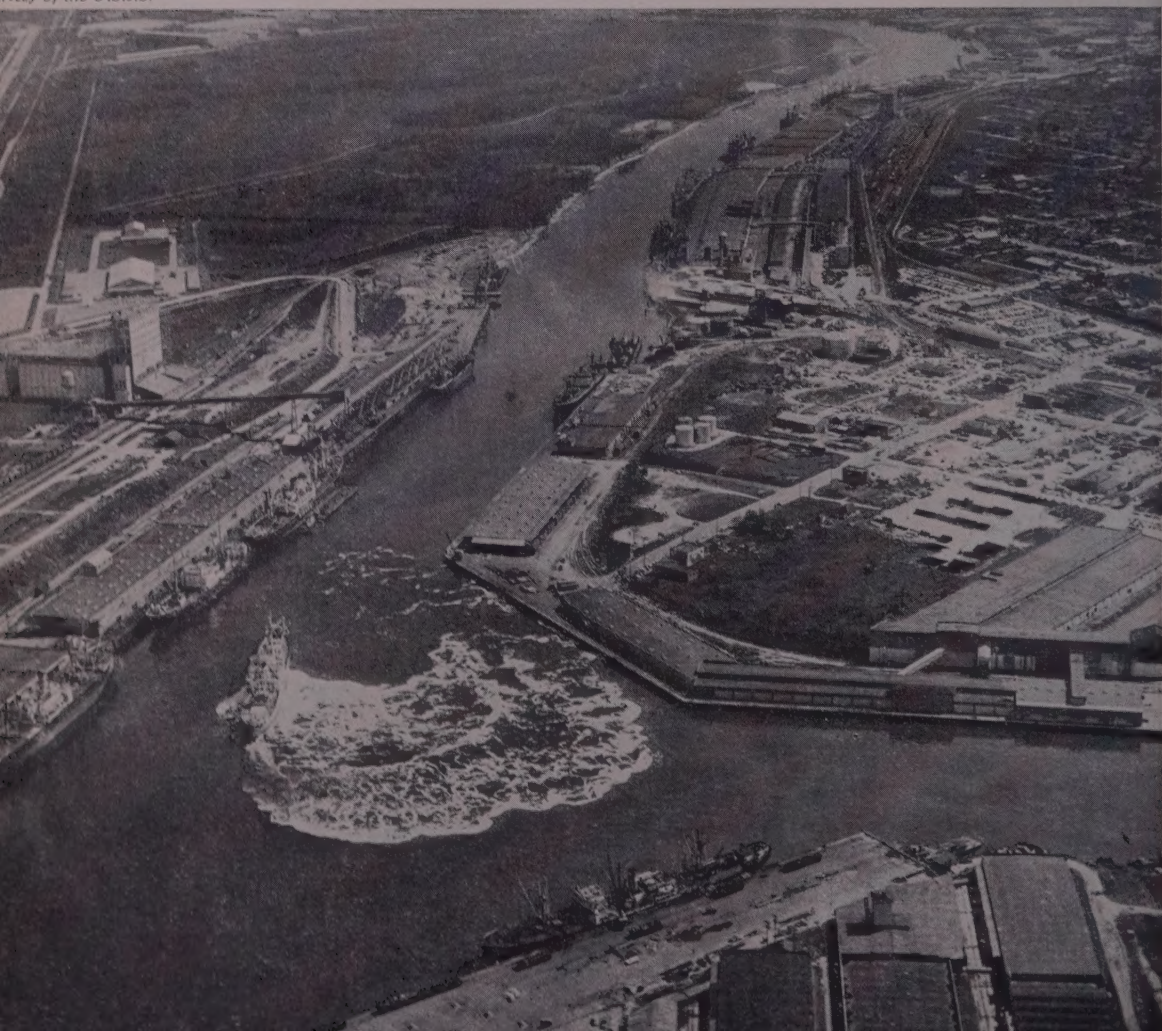
Thirty miles from Dallas is Fort Worth, which once saw the most colourful of cowboys and was known as Hell's Half Acre. It was never a fort but a temporary military camp set up on the prairie in 1849 to do a bit of Indian fighting. This started a village, but nothing much happened until the early seventies. Then the railroad caused it to boom and now it has a population in the neighbourhood of half a million. Although Fort Worth has jumped forward it prides itself

on retaining its old character and talks a lot about its guts and cussedness. It is a money-making place today, full of fun, and claims to be a whisky-drinking community because the cowhands go to town once a month and blow in their wages. Nowadays, of course, cowboys, once so numerous there and in Houston, Galveston and Dallas, are found only in the country districts. The predominating influence seems to be the Country Clubs and all they stand for in the most developed parts of the States.

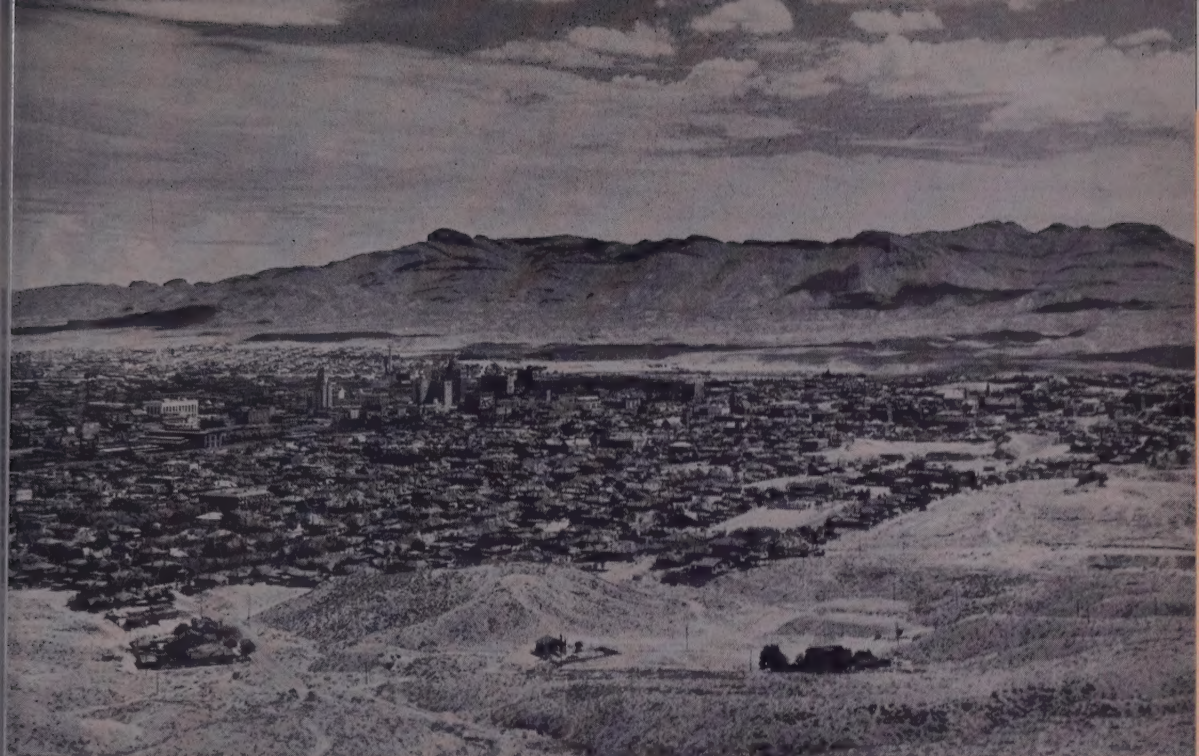
Down on the Gulf of Mexico are Orange and Galveston, and Houston with its seaway just a few miles from the coast. The latter is possibly the most enterprising city on earth and is famous for the great Rice Institute, a university of such great wealth from oil lands given to it that it

**Houston (named after the man who won independence for Texas in 1836) is the largest city and port in the State, though it is fifty miles from the coast. It has a huge oil-refining industry**

orties of the U.S.I.S.







*Aerofilms*

*(Above)* El Paso (in the far west of Texas) is an important U.S.-Mexico border-city on the Rio Grande, with a history dating back 280 years and *(below)* an up-to-the-minute college of mines

*Camera Press*





charges no fees. Thirty years ago Galveston was proud of being the port that shipped the greatest amount of cotton in the world; now it is a serious and dignified watering place, but it is also the terminus of the seaway from Houston.

San Antonians look upon themselves as just about the best 'on the Pike', and it is amusing to think back to the time when the natives sat on their hunkers outside the railroad station making *tortillas* by slapping them in their hands first up and then down. Seeing them now, one can hardly believe it happened.

Far down on the edge of the south coast is Brownsville in the Magic Valley, which has perhaps retained more of its old atmosphere than most of the other places, though in them all one senses that tincture of old Texas ever present beneath the thin guise of modernity.

In the most western tip between New Mexico and Mexico is El Paso, looking upon itself as exclusive, and the President of its local bank would be surprised if any other part of the State were mentioned in the same breath as his own. Way up in the north-west corner is the Panhandle, which, until oil was discovered, contained nothing but coyotes and rocks.

As to hotels, a visitor today could be looked after at the bar of the Rice Hotel in Houston, for instance, or the Sheraton at Dallas, which compare favourably in equipment and decor with the best in London. What a difference from the time I remember and which could not be

experienced now: a tent in an oil camp with a couple of barrels with planks across the top and a rough menu on a slate hanging from the tent pole. At another time, again in a camp, we asked for fried chicken, and the barman asked us to give him back the bones. Later we discovered the reason: he dipped them in batter, baked them and handed them out as fried chicken.

In 1957 an investigation was made when, with the exception of Austin, practically every city of consequence in Texas had a water shortage or the threat of one. It is a fact that certain of these places had more oil than water, for Texas has done little about the water situation—oil has been its lodestar. Of course Texas has had oil for a very long time, though since the real boom the prosperity has been staggering.

Texas is not now the largest State in America but is perhaps the most fascinating and for variety would be hard to beat. It is only about two generations from the old frontier days, with a lot of English and German stock; and there are a million Negroes, and a million and a half of Mexican or Spanish origin. Throughout the world the reputation of Texans has been for wealth and toughness and time spent in exploiting Nature's resources. It is difficult to be there long without catching 'Texas fever', and finding more friendliness to the square mile than would be likely anywhere else in the world.

Such is Texas—individual to the core, prosperous and for ever growing.



Camera Press